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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on Primary Geology; being an Examination, both Practical and Theoretical, of the Older Formations. By Henry S. Boase, M.D. &c. 8vo. pp. 398. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

HOWEVER valuable we may consider this work, as definitely calling attention to a series of formations that have been lately almost totally neglected, still we cannot help feeling that Dr. Boase has only anticipated a movement recently communicated to geological science in this country, and which would certainly have told by its effects within a very short time. The influence of the engrossing study of the sedimentary deposits, with their entombed worlds of anormal forms and giant races of animals, in retarding the progress of other branches of the science, would be quite incredible to those who are not versed in the modern history of geology; and the masters of one line of investigation have frequently betrayed absolute ignorance with regard to the closely allied study of the crystalline and semi-crystalline formations. The necessity of completing the materials for the publication of the second volume of the "Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales," and the demands made upon geologists to colour the maps belonging to the survey of these countries, have given the first impulse to a new line of research; and it is impossible not to foresee that the labours of Professor Sedgwick and of Mr. Murchison in Wales, and of Mr. De la Beche in Devon, will lead to interesting results in the study of the older formations. In the meantime Dr. Boase, it appears, living among the older formations of the mining districts of Cornwall, has long ago had his attention turned to the complexity of crystalline formations, has studied their mineralogical varieties with assiduity, and has found what all who give any practical attention to those subjects will find, that the present nomenclature of geognosts is inadequate to the purposes of expressing those varieties which are nevertheless of the utmost importance in the study of the superposition, the relative connexions, and the passage into one another of the different mountain-rocks. He also, above all, manifestly proves in face of the ever-renewed outcry against innovations in nomenclature, that the divisions and subdivisions necessitated by the mineralogical characters and natural history of the older formations would be very few indeed; and that, while they traced the intimate connexion which exists between felspar, quartzose, talcose, and hornblende rocks (through their several modifications of granites, quartzites, serpentines, and diorites, and then again into their schistose associations in clay-slate, quartz-slate, talc-schist, and schistose greenstone), the first innovation being accomplished, they would be found to simplify to a very great degree the study of those formations, and necessarily throw a new light upon their mode of origin and their geognostic connexions. How much the same argument holds true with regard to the modern crystal-

line or unstratified formations, we need not here dwell upon; but we have not the slightest doubt that, as in the case of the history of the primary formations, time and new researches into their mineralogical varieties will ultimately triumph over the prejudices of those who, by their aversion to a modified nomenclature, testify their dislike to more detailed examinations, and to the dissemination of more accurate geognostical principles.

The question, as it proposes itself to our own mind, after a perusal of the long discussion contained in the volume before us, is—What, then, is there in the mineral constitution of the various rocks forming the crust of the globe, in the order of their position, in the cumulative evidence of their fossil organic remains, and in the intercalation or even alternation of crystalline rocks of igneous origin with sedimentary formations, that can bear us out in writing the history of former states of the earth—crystalline, perhaps in fusion—semi-crystalline—partly sedimentary, without vegetable or animal life—the first appearance of the latter—and then a succession of strange forms, which, with the soil that contained them, have been convulsed and destroyed to give birth to new lands and new creations—changes which have been continually repeated until the comparatively tranquil period of the present day, when the earth was prepared for the reception of man, but when the links which connect the revolutions of the past with phenomena still of daily occurrence can be filled up by the anxious intelligence and gifted wisdom of the most perfect, as well as the most favoured, of God's creatures?

The whole amount of facts collected by geological science is an answer to this question. In the description of each successive group of which the earth's crust is formed, we observe rocks of various kinds, associating themselves together by their geognostic relations, their mineralogical character, and their order of succession. In each of these groups we find an alternation or succession of three or four distinct members of the series, which uniformly present us with a period of disturbance, marked by the deposition of rolled masses and detritus—a sedimentary period—and a time of comparative tranquillity, characterised by limited crystalline deposits, such as salt or gypsum, and by a vegetation and animalisation peculiar to that period, and consequently distinct in each. There is nothing new in Dr. Boase's opinion, that vegetable, lacustrine, marine, and other formations, may be the equivalents of one another. New eras in palæontology having been discovered by geological research, the same science should afterwards labour at the geography of that era, as if we were drawing a map of actual districts.

The forms of animals we find diminishing in complexity of structure, in size, and numbers, as we go back in the series, till they appear to be lost a little before we arrive at, and indeed to be scarcely present to any amount during, those dark days of primeval vegetation which first succeeded the more early conditions of the planet;

when a more characterised uniformity was first given to formations which hitherto, whether from difference of aggregation, of fluidity, of solidity, or of amount of temperature, presented the greatest heterogeneity of any of the beds forming the crust of the earth.

Contemplate these facts as we will, we cannot fail to become assured of one circumstance—that the progression has been uniform—organisation ever perfecting itself, and mechanical causes going on diminishing in the extent of their operation: and every thing in geological science that points out the increased stability of each successive era, and teaches us the small quantum of causes now in operation, at the same time gives us assurance of a greater stability in things as they at present exist.

In the earliest stages of a primeval world, we observe, with regard to those formations which are brought in contact with the lowest observable rocks, a great difference of structure and physical character from those which succeeded them as sedimentary deposits; but, at the same time, we remark a structure becoming more and more mechanical in its character, till it assimilates itself with the truly sedimentary formations. These are the transition rocks, to the details of which Dr. Boase's work is so particularly devoted.

In the same manner, in the rocks of acknowledged igneous origin, we observe, from the earliest period to the most modern, a difference in the mineralogical character of the products characterising each era of convulsion, although the focus of the action, as Dr. Boase has himself admitted, is testified by many facts to belong to the same point. The circumscribed action of these vents, or canals of communication between the outer and inner crusts of the globe, in the present day, is another argument, as forcible as that derived from the progress of organisation and the limited distribution of modern sedimentary formations, of the stability of the actual condition of the earth's surface.

As regards our own feelings, we cannot but say, that it would be quite absurd to expect, from the earliest formations which succeed the first stages of the refrigeration of the globe, characters similar to those which are presented by more modern formations; nor would it be necessary to establish the existence of such characters to deduce philosophical analogies of an identity of origin. Few materials are given to act upon; and yet in the variety produced by the aggregation of these materials depends all the complexity of mineralogical geology. The character of the first formations is essentially crystalline; that of the second semi-crystalline; that of the third sedimentary; while the character of the igneous formations of all kinds, as they have continued in different eras to protrude themselves through the earth's crust, have been always crystalline. It presents no greater difficulty to our mind to conceive a gradation of causes by which gneiss may have been produced from granite, mica-slates and clay-slates from gneiss, and so on with other semi-crystalline formations, than it does to conceive that

sienite in other epochs may become a hornblende rock, the latter a diorite, and then again a basalt or a lava. Though we should no more think of establishing a contemporaneity, as is done by Dr. Boase, between the schistose and crystalline formations, than we should between lavas and granite; yet we consider their origins, under modified circumstances, to have been the same.

We here touch upon a point of issue.—The modified circumstances under which the transition rocks are found to occur have given origin, in latter days, to two theories—one by Mr. Lyell, who supposes them to be altered sedimentary rocks—the other by the author of the present work, who considers them as of contemporaneous origin with granite. These views involve some of the most refined discussions of which geology is susceptible, with regard to the stratification, the structure, and the alternation, of a most interesting series of mountain rocks. Combined as they naturally are with the theories of successive elevation of mountain chains, the description of mineral and metalliferous veins, and the history of the various associations of primary rocks, they constitute an Augean extent of complicated inquiry; to systematise which are occupations worthy of patient and laborious science; and whatever may be our views upon some of the practical as well as theoretical questions discussed in Dr. Boase's work, still we cannot but look upon it in a very different light to many that have preceded it on the same subject, and express our ardent admiration for the talent and research which it displays.*

Ireland in 1834. A Journey throughout Ireland, during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1834. By Henry D. Inglis, author of "Spain in 1830," "The Channel Islands," "The Tyrol," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is a pleasant book, written by an author who is conversant with the observation of country, and well able to describe by his pen what he has seen with his eyes and heard with his ears. That during his brief intercourse with Ireland he should be able to furnish any profound views of that mysterious island is not to be expected; but we do believe that he has fairly set himself to give as honest and impartial a view of its surface as he could. The enigmas of the "Gim of the ocean" must be solved, if ever, by another *Edipus*; and for the present we must take from our *Davus* a glance at things as they appeared to him.

Mr. Inglis had 130 letters of introduction to men of all ranks and persuasions, and these

* The foregoing review, written before we had the pleasure to receive the 21st Annual Report of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, and the accompanying note of its able secretary, Dr. Boase, will sufficiently demonstrate our opinion of the value of his labours, without our entering into the question whether Professor Sedgwick's remarks on Dr. Boase's doctrine at the Edinburgh Meeting were triumphant or not. The judicious observations of Professor Phillips, with whom we entirely agree, prove that there was much of importance to the science on both sides.

Now, with regard to the Cornish Society, we rejoice to see that it is flourishing so auspiciously, planted as it is in so remarkable a geological district. The quarterly meetings are becoming more and more useful—the museum has been greatly enriched by specimens illustrative of the adjoining mining country, and has received interesting series from India, Mexico, and Brazil—the library has also been much improved—the number of members has been increased—and the funds, notwithstanding extraordinary disbursements, are adequate to all contemplated expenses. The following statement is of more general consequence, and we copy it:—

"Mr. Henwood has at length terminated his survey of the mines; he will therefore now be able to arrange his extensive series of specimens, for which a distinct cabinet has been set apart; and he has promised to complete his paper on the metalliferous veins of Cornwall

begot as many as four times 130 more; so that there could be no lack of sources whence to seek and procure information. The gist of its value, however, depends upon his own judgment in deciding, from the blarney, the *gagging*, the truth, and the falsehood, to which his inquiries must have been exposed among this mercurial and by no means unprejudiced people, what a professed traveller could really depend upon. That he has been occasionally *done* is pretty obvious, both from the puffery of places (the Cove of Cork, for instance), and the opinions, rather too freely promulgated, of persons of station and property in the land. We would as soon place entire confidence in newspapers as in the casual representations of chance individuals; and we, accordingly, somewhat mistrust the most sincere impressions conveyed in this way.

As an Itinerary, as containing many statistical details of value, though not leading to great or direct conclusions, and as an agreeable book, on a subject hardly ever treated but in a fierce, barbarous, and (so a) disagreeable way, we give this new sketch of Hibernia a welcome: and, by selecting a few of its most interesting pages, we trust we shall afford our readers a pre-taste of the amusement they may obtain from the whole.

How changed is the "Vale of Avoca!" The author, *proh pudor!* tells:—

"I deeply regretted to see at Avoca a proof of the bad feeling which in that part of the country appears to exist between the Catholic and Protestant population. I was sitting at the window of the inn on Sunday evening, when a man, in a state of intoxication, came along the road, calling out, 'To the Devil with the Boyne waters, and they who drink them!' Presently three men, who were sitting on the bridge, followed the offender, threw him down, beat and kicked him brutally, and stamped upon his face. Ten or a dozen persons were by, and no one interfered; and the men walked away, leaving the other on the ground in a state of insensibility. The explanation is this: there was till lately only one brewery at Rath-drum, the property of Catholics. Another brewery was recently set up by Protestants, in the same town; and the ale brewed in it is called by the Catholics, 'the Boyne waters.' I regret, in the outset of my book, to be obliged to record these facts."

Could not the several drinkers mingle their ales in peace?

Near Lismore the account of the Trappists is curious. Mr. Inglis says,—

"I devoted a day to a visit to the establish-

ment of the Trappists, situated about six miles from Lismore. The road lies through the little town of Cappoquin; and, as far as that place, runs along the left bank of the Blackwater, and discloses, at every bend, new and striking beauties. Cappoquin, prettily situated, just at the turn of the river, is rather a clean little village, consisting of one street, which, at the upper end, degenerates into a suburb of cabins. Beyond this, the road climbs up the side of a deep wooded dell; and gradually rises, until it leaves cultivation behind, and enters upon the moor and bog land, which stretches over all the neighbouring mountains; and, upon this upland slope, is situated the Trappist establishment, which has a singular effect seen at a distance,—apart from all other buildings,—itself of immense magnitude, and seemingly placed in the midst of a desert. It is not yet two years since the Trappists settled in this neighbourhood; and (thanks to the superstitions of the country people) the progress they have made in building the convent, as well as in reclaiming the land, is indeed miraculous.

Sir Richard Keane, a large landowner in this neighbourhood, granted them, rent-free, on a lease of a hundred years, five hundred and seventy odd acres of moor and bog land; and Sir Richard is likely to be amply repaid for his liberality, in the proof which has been afforded of the capabilities of the land. The very first year, a fine crop of potatoes was raised. At present, upwards of sixty acres are under tillage; and on some of these acres I saw as luxuriant crops of oats as I had seen in any other part of the country. In the extensive garden, too, which the Trappists have formed, I observed as fine beans, pease, and other vegetables, as could possibly be raised on any soil. All this has been accomplished by the agency of lime-kilns. The land is boggy on the surface; but below there is as fine and deep a soil as any farmer could desire. It is true, that there has been a great supply of human labour, and of all its accessories. The brethren themselves are between forty and fifty strong; and in such veneration are these holy men held, that an incredible amount of labour has been contributed gratis. I myself saw eighteen horses and carts, and upwards of twenty men at work, drawing lime, all of them sent by the farmers as an act of piety. Some kinds of labour, however, are paid for. The masons and others employed in building are paid ordinary wages; for the munificence of some great men (among others, the Duke of Devonshire, who, singularly enough, gave 100*l.*) and the contributions of the good Catholics, leave the Trappists in want of nothing. The building, which has only been begun ten months, already vies in size with any moderate sized cathedral, and might hold within it a dozen of the Irish Protestant churches. The spectacle here offered to the traveller and inquirer is at the same time pleasing and melancholy. It is pleasing, as affording direct proof of the facility with which a great part of the waste lands of Ireland may be cultivated, by the instrumentality of two things in which Ireland most abounds—lime and human labour; and it affords, too, a melancholy proof of the misdirection of human energies and the prevalence of superstition. The Trappists are almost all of them young men. At present they do not strictly conform to the rules of their order; but the moment their convent is completed, and the necessity for communicating with their fellow-men ceases, they purpose taking upon themselves all the austerities of the order—silence, as the most indispensable and distinguishing. The brethren are almost

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all of them Irish; the few exceptions being English. I had some conversation, in returning, with one of the men who was loading limestone. He was a small landholder, and did not at all grudge his labour; and, in place of agreeing with me, that he was a fool to throw away his own and his horse's labour, he said he should be a much greater fool if he did not. If to the munificence of Protestant landlords there continues to be united the religious zeal of Catholic farmers and labourers, these five hundred and seventy acres of Sir Richard Keane's will be, ere long, a fine productive estate; and the source of a pretty independency to the brothers of La Trappe."

What the author gathered of the Auburn of Goldsmith (though what he says of his birth-house differs from the account and print in the *Dublin Magazine*) must interest every literary reader; and we quote it:—

"The village of Lishoy, universally known by the name of 'Auburn,' is situated about three miles from Ballymahon, in the county of Westmeath. I visited it; and spent some most pleasing hours amongst the scenes which Goldsmith has made dear to every lover of poetry and nature; and I do not entertain the slightest doubt that the village of Lishoy is, indeed, the Auburn of Goldsmith; though it is equally certain that he has grafted upon its scenery English pictures of rural things and country life. Here are still the remains of 'the busy mill;' there the decent church still tops the neighbouring hill; here is the village preacher's 'modest mansion;' and there the circle of stones, within which stood 'the hawthorn-bush.' But, to speak a little more in detail. The scenery, I say, fully justifies the belief that this is the Auburn of Goldsmith. Lishoy was Goldsmith's favourite village; he mentions it often, and always with enthusiasm, in his letters; he passed his early years in it, or in its immediate neighbourhood, and could, therefore, say, 'scenes of my youth.' All the scenery of the poem connects it with this village; for, although the perishable has partly perished, yet all is remembered to have been as Goldsmith painted it. The preacher's mansion, now a roofless and windowless tenement, is known to have been the minister's house; and that minister is known to have been the poet's brother, and to have been not the rector, but the curate, on a small salary (perhaps '40*l.* a-year'), and, moreover, to have been loved and respected. The church,—not in the village, or its immediate neighbourhood, where a church generally is,—but topping 'the neighbouring hill,' is still seen as it is described. It is but a few years since the hawthorn-bush was in its place; and opposite, 'near yonder thorn,' stands the ale-house, though not the identical house with the sanded floor, of which Goldsmith speaks. There are many who recollect the school-house; and at some little distance from the village rises a mansion, which belonged to a General Napier, who, some time after the year 1730, is known to have enclosed a domain, and to have ejected the tenantry.

'One only master grasps the wide domain.'

I had nearly omitted to observe, that in the name of the house where 'news much older than the ale went round,' there is a strong evidence in favour of the claim of Lishoy. The ale-house is, and always has been, called 'the Three Pigeons.' Now, Goldsmith has shewn, on more than one occasion, great fondness for this name. In his comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' Tony says, 'I can't stay, I tell you; the Three Pigeons expect me down every

moment; there's some fun going forward; and then we have afterwards the song called 'the Three Jolly Pigeons.' It is a tradition in this neighbourhood, that, between terms at Trinity College, Goldsmith was accustomed to spend his vacation with his brother at Lishoy, and that he used to resort to 'the Three Pigeons,' where he was looked upon as a prodigy; all which is greatly more than probable. They were hours of most pleasant musing, those which I spent in and about 'sweet Auburn.' It was a fine sunny evening, and a Sunday—

'The coming day,

When toll remitting lent its turn to play;

for recollect it was Sunday in a Catholic country of which Goldsmith spoke; and, indeed, the pictures which he gives us of 'sports,' and 'pastimes,' and 'dancing,' would not be applicable to an English village on a Sunday evening. Pastimes literally 'circled in the shade,—and literally,

'Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;

and it needed but a slender exercise of imagination to re-create the whole of the living picture which Goldsmith has chiseled upon every memory. There is, however, as about most Irish villages, a deserted look about Auburn; and sedges and weeds do, indeed, choke 'the glassy brook.' There is no doubt, however, that Goldsmith has grafted English life upon Irish scenery; and that rural life in an English village, and some pictures exclusively English, have been transplanted to Lishoy. 'The nicely sanded floor,' and 'varnished clock,' and 'hearth,' 'with flowers and fennel gay,' little resemble the Irish village ale-house, with its mud-floor and turf-fire. Indeed, an ale-house has no existence in Ireland, since ale is not the beverage of the people. The honest rustic, too, running after 'the good man,' the Protestant minister, is not an Irish picture; nor, alas! did it ever happen in Ireland, that

'Health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain.'

But, notwithstanding these discrepancies, which are easily accounted for, from the desire which Goldsmith must have felt to recommend his poem to the English reader, by presenting him with pictures which he could recognise, Lishoy is unquestionably 'sweet Auburn;' and Goldsmith took all his pictures of still life, and some others besides, from his favourite village,—of which he says, in one of his letters, 'If I go to the Opera, where Signora Colomba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's 'last good night,' from Peggy Golden; or, if I climb up Hampstead Hill, I confess it is fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in, to me, the most pleasing horizon in nature.'"

This is extremely well written, and does honour to Mr. Inglis's talents; and, with one more quotation, we will do our duty in recommending his work to the public—which, however, must be reserved till next week.

Will Watch; from the Autobiography of a British Officer. By the Author of "Cavendish," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Cochrane and Co.

THIS is a very spirited performance, or, to borrow some of its nautical phraseology, a smart craft, going dashing before a fresh breeze. The author characterises it as "a careless kind of civil, nonsensical, good-humoured," &c. performance; and we rate it somewhat higher. The character of the blind old admiral, "Phil Fluke," communicates something of its own cheerful kind-heartedness; and his secretary,

the marine, Corporal Royal, with his freehold, is capital. We fear these reforming times would somewhat interfere with the dignity of a close borough—"I and Sir John St. Aubyn own the whole of Dock," is a species of property that has its consequence still. The great charm of this book is the reality of the sea-scenes—they are full of life and action. We quote the following, both from its detachable length, and also as it illustrates the quality we have been praising. There are two vessels, and the junior officer of the one is a Lord Charles —, who has been dining the preceding day with his senior.

"Captain Carrington was at this time standing on the taffrail, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes intently scanning the sloop: in this idle occupation also were busied a little group of officers nearer the gangway, myself among them. Presently we saw my lord slowly emerge from the hatchway, and, planting his foot with a dignified pause on the quarter-deck, he looked round his little vessel. It was at once evident from his manner that this was his first appearance above-board. 'Early rising, my lord!' said one of us in an under voice. 'Now that's what I call taking it easily,' said another; 'hark! he's going to hail;—and such was the truth, for the commander's eye, having quickly glanced over his own domain, wandered to that of his brother officer, whom he now espied in person leaning over the quarter of his frigate. 'Ah, Carrington! is that you?' said Lord Charles in a tone of fashionable nonchalance: the conviviality of the preceding evening being, I suppose, the first thing that recurred to him. 'Yes!' laconically answered the captain in a low voice, that was intended to remind the commander of what he had seemingly forgotten—attendant circumstances. But the junior officer misunderstood its import, either wilfully or otherwise, and, returning to the charge, demanded in the same free manner, 'What says the learned Vanderbruggius this morning?' In an instant the captain drew himself up from his late careless attitude, with an impatient motion of the head, with which he was wont to express any sudden emotion of anger. A look of extreme surprise was visible in his countenance, as he replied in a stern voice, 'Lord Charles —, the learned Vanderbruggius desires me to tell you to pipe all hands, shift topsails, and Captain Carrington gives you just twenty seconds grace to exceed the time of H. M. S. Lavinia—officer of the watch! all hands shift topsails!' Had you seen the bewilderment of Lord Charles at this new reading of the learned Van, you would never have forgotten it. Nothing could have been more ludicrous. He scarcely seemed to know whether the orders had not issued from the 'vasty deep;' and as to obeying them, that I believe he never would have done had he not heard the boatswain's pipe on board us. On this he turned away with an expression most lamentably chop-fallen, and gave the necessary orders for a similar call on board the sloop. In the mean time, this manoeuvre being one in which our men had been before exercised, and every thing on board being arranged with all the order which it was possible to have acquired in so short a time, our topsails were fairly shifted fore and aft, and the new ones sheeted home and hoisted up before those of the sloop were even cast off from the yards. As soon as the captain saw this, his temper, which was none of the best, began to give ground. For a few minutes he contented himself with hopping from gun to gun; but when, after beholding the last topsail of the sloop cast off, he

vainly waited for some seconds to see the new ones swayed aloft, he could contain himself no longer. 'Lower away the first cutter!—pipe the first cutter's crew away there!—stamping on the gun-carriage as he gave these orders. 'Mr. Arran! shouting at the top of his voice to a humble individual who was stationed on the fore-castle. 'Sir! 'Jump into the first cutter alongside—get on board the sloop on our larboard quarter, and shew the noble officer how to shift his top-sails!' 'Ay, ay, sir!' I replied in a lower tone, wishing that such a disagreeable task had been imposed on any one rather than myself. In two seconds I was in the boat—a few strokes brought me alongside the sloop, where, notwithstanding the absence of both boys and ropes, I sprang up, got in-board, and, making my bow, stood before Lord Charles. 'Well, sir, and what do you want?' demanded he—his thin voice rendered ridiculously shrill by a most towering passion. 'To execute,' I replied, again touching my hat, 'a most unpleasant duty in a manner the least obnoxious.' 'And what duty is that?' in a less discourteous tone. 'Your lordship must have heard Captain Carrington's orders; and if you will only allow me to be of any use to you, I shall be most happy.' He paused for an instant. 'Well, well, thank you; though I think Captain Carrington might have inquired the cause of our delay before resorting to such a step. There, sir! there stands my second in command—ask him of what service you can prove. My first lieutenant's in the sick-list; my master is just sent below under arrest; and as for sails—egad! egad! I don't think there is another suit by all appearances in the ship!' As his lordship finished this speech, he dashed upon the deck a very handsome gold-mounted telescope which he had been carrying in his hand. The glass shivered into atoms as it came in contact with one of the ring-bolts, and, kicking the fragments from before him, he strode aft to the wheel: there taking up his station with his arms folded on his breast, he stood muttering a few curses, and ready to bite his lips through with vexation and impatience. His attitude seemed to say, 'You came here to shift top-sails! now make the best of it.' Seeing how things were likely to go, I stepped across the deck, where the second lieutenant was holding no gentle colloquy with the sail-maker. 'What,' I inquired of this officer, 'may be the cause of delay?' 'Who may you be, sir?' 'The third lieutenant of the *Lavinia*, sent on board to—' 'Oh, I beg your pardon. We shall never be able to shift top-sails to-night—a precious bungle at the sail-loft—not discovered till too late—had given us our spare suits too large for the sloop's spars. The master, on finding this out, thought to get them quietly altered; but your captain's orders have played the deuce with us. Here's one of the top-sails without a bolt-rope on either leach, and another minus a couple of cloths. Don't you think we'd better hail Captain Carrington, and tell him this?' 'No, faith, unless you wish for a court-martial on the master. Here, sailmaker, jump about for your life—get a few smart hands—make and stop the old sails up, as if they had but just come out of the bin; we'll have them up to the yards in a trice; and let us but bend and set them, and fifty to one if the captain's any thing the wiser.' 'Any thing! any thing!' exclaimed the sloop's officer, considering that my advice would be the best, and anxious at any cost to get out of such a scrape. Not a little comforted at the stratagem, he now bestirred himself with such a will, that in less time than I anticipated the

yards, with their old canvass, were fairly up at their mast-heads once more. My bow to Lord Charles was stiffly returned, with a 'thank you, sir,' in addition; the lieutenant, who was a young man, shook me by the hand, as he shewed me over the side, and expressed a hope that he should see me on board again. 'Not on another such errand, I hope.' 'No,' replied he, smiling, and then in an under voice, 'As the learned *Vanderbruggius* says—that would be too much pleasure.' Yes, thought I, laughing myself at the idea of such a by-word getting afloat among us; and I pulled on board once more. 'Well, and what was the cause of the delay?' inquired Captain Carrington, as I reported myself. 'Oh, sir, they had not a sail fit for bending besides the ones aloft'—and I repeated what I had heard as though it were a story vastly funny, for I thought this would be the best way of shielding the transgressing master. 'Very pretty! very pretty!' returned the captain, viewing it, as I had hoped, in a jocose light—'teach him better for the future—so if ever they call him a smart officer in your presence, Mr. Arran, don't forget to bring forward my claims as his tutor; at any rate, the lesson has cost my lord a good eye-glass. You're sure it was gold-mounted?' 'Sure, sir.' 'So much the better, as the learned Van—' but ere he had got the word fairly out he seemed to consider how doubly ridiculous it was after such a scene; and, with a latent smile on his lips, he checked himself, and abruptly turned away."

We add another nautical anecdote, too good not to be true:—

"Presently the captain made his appearance from under the poop-cabin; we all raised our hats. With his hands in his breeches' pockets, he proceeded by the starboard gangway round the fore-castle, as was his invariable custom at this hour, returned along the larboard side of the quarter-deck, traversed the poop, and halted once more on the exact spot from which he had set out. 'Who's the officer of the afternoon watch?' 'I, sir,' answered a lieutenant named Heath. 'Got a knife?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Who's your youngest?' 'Robins and Seymour, sir, and Arran.' 'Got—got—got a knife?' turning to me. 'Say yes,' whispered Miles. 'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'Robins! Seymour! calling the other midshipmen of the watch. 'Sir, sir,' replied they, starting up in various directions. 'Got a knife? Got a knife?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then follow me, ye dogs.' Wondering what in the name of fortune was to follow this singular address, I brought up the rear of the file now treading in the captain's steps. Knives, thought I, and only the officers of our watch! On what bloody-minded purpose can he be bent? But it was soon made evident; for, having entered his cabin, Seymour, who went before, whispered me to close the door. 'Now, my boys,' said Captain Burgos, 'out steel!' In an instant my three companions, with their commander at their head, whipped out of their pockets, each man, a large clasp-knife which they opened and grasped with a celerity which somewhat surprised, and I must confess not a little alarmed me; more especially when, after performing this feat themselves, they turned their gaze on me with a meaning which I could not comprehend, until the captain repeated his demand, 'Got a knife?' 'Yes, sir,' I quickly replied, fumbling at the same time, with some confusion, in my pocket, and producing at length a small penknife: on observing this, my watchmates fixed their eyes upon the captain's countenance, to take their lead from him,

and began to smile; while he, bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed, 'Hahah, ha! rather green, boy! But come, come, let's fall to,' and hauling a semicircular table towards a capacious safe in the fore part of the cabin, the little man seated himself very comfortably, and, after seeing us ranged around in regular standing order, according to our seniority, unlocked the safe, pulled from its recesses a leg of cold roast pork, and placing it by his side on the table, said, 'Sway away!' He had no sooner uttered these words, than he seized the devoted joint between the fingers and thumb of his left hand, then using the clasp-knife in his right, with great dexterity quickly carved two large slices himself, and pushed it towards the lieutenant. While this officer was helping himself after a similar fashion, the captain took from the aforesaid safe the bread-basket and salt-cellar, from both of which he helped himself freely, eating the meat meanwhile in a most primitive and digitory manner."

Alas! the luckless new comer has only a pen-knife! The young midshipman naturally makes some inquiries after dinner of a messmate, who tells him it is only the captain's way. He then asks—

"How does he invite brother officers?' 'Not he, he never thinks of such a thing. Any one who chooses to come, he says, is welcome to what he calls 'a Spartan meal.' And faith! he gave them such a capital proof of this, that he has been seldom plagued since.' 'Ah! what was it?' 'Simply this: some time since we were under the orders of Sir —, who, having heard of the odd manner in which Burgos dines, laid a bet with his flag-captain and some other officers, that he would 'knock a sit-down dinner out of him; and accordingly, at his next grand turn-out, the admiral said, 'Burgos, how d'ye like the Briton?'—he'd not been appointed to us very long—'does she work well? Eh? Got her in good order, I dare say! I should like to walk over her—what say you? I'll come aboard to-morrow, and take my dinner with you.' 'Thank ye, admiral! most happy to have the honour. That is'—muttering in a low tone to himself, 'when I say happy to have the honour—mean nothing of the sort—honour of admiral's dinner-company's a troublesome sort of a thing—but—still—still—ye comprehend me, Sir —, in a louder tone, 'nothing will give me greater pleasure.' 'Well, thank ye, thank ye, Burgos. What hour d'ye sit down?' 'Oh, five, admiral, five punctually; dinner's an awkward thing, you know, Sir —, to wait for any body.' Now, whether the skipper had learnt, in the course of the evening, that there was a bet depending on the subject, I know not; but precisely at five on the ensuing day, Sir — came on board and found Captain Burgos in waiting on the quarter-deck. Having received his visitor in due form, the captain started on his usual round, by the gangway, fore-castle, waist, quarter-deck, and poop. 'What's this round for, Burgos?' demanded Sir —, who'd been put up to all the skipper's ways before hand. 'Always take this little bit of a step out before dinner, Sir —, to get an appetite. That is when I say an appetite, not at all, not at all, because I never have an appetite, never had one, never could eat a morsel—that is, scarcely any thing to speak of, but still, you comprehend, Sir —, to sharpen one up a little, eh, eh?' 'Ay, ay,' replied his guest, smiling; 'come, come, that's right, Burgos—as for me, thank Heaven, I don't want any thing of that sort. I'm confoundedly sharp-set already; so now, Burgos, if you're ready, we'll fall to.' 'Right,

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Sir —, right!" said skipper, turning towards his cabin, and then halting just before he entered. "Admiral, got a knife?" The sound of this well-known question proved too much for Sir —'s gravity. Pausing where we stand, he indulged in a hearty fit of laughter, and rejoined with much good nature, "No, by Jove, Burgos, that's a thing I had quite forgotten—I left mine on board the flag-ship; so, come, we'll return together and see what they have there." "Ay, ay, Sir —, with all my heart," returned Burgos, as completely unconcerned as it is possible to conceive. So they stepped into the admiral's barge, which had been ordered not to shove off, and dined together in the utmost good humour. Sir —, after finding that the quiz was against him, had to pay his bet for his pains; while Burgos, on the contrary, has been allowed ever since to eat his dinner as much like a savage as he pleases."

The history of *Will Watch* is very ingeniously wrought into that of the hero; and the defence of the smuggler's cavern is more melodramatic than any thing that we have for a long time seen on the stage. Much that was objectionable in our author's former productions has been judiciously omitted in the present; and *Will Watch* is a most manifest improvement on his predecessors. We must add, for the benefit of our lady readers, that there is a very romantic love affair.

GELL'S ROME AND ITS VICINITY. [Second Notice.]

WE observe from the foreign journals since our last No. appeared, that the King of Bavaria has just been engaged in examining some of the remarkable tombs and other Etrurian antiquities about Corneto, to which the concluding passages of our review of Sir W. Gell's work referred; and we cannot do better than resume the observations which so ably illustrate so interesting a subject.

"The first of these tombs was discovered in the eighteenth century, and its figures copied by Mr. Byres, a British painter and ciceroe, residing at Rome. These have been published by Micali, but are still but little known. One would almost suspect that the figures had been improved by the modern draftsman into Grecian models and proportions; for many of them are positively the same as those represented in the Phigaleian marbles, and particularly the group in which one warrior prevents another from killing his wounded foe. Ictinus, who built the temple of Phigaleia, lived about the year 430 before Christ. Now, Tarquinii was at that period in its most flourishing state; and the communication between Tarquinii and Greece must have been frequent during the two centuries which had elapsed since the emigration of Demaratus. The subjects of the frieze at Bassæ were those most generally adopted in the ornamental structures of Greece, and there was sufficient time for them to be copied in Etruria before the fall of Tarquinii, which must have taken place previous to that of Vulci, or earlier than 473 u.c. That Grecian subjects were preferred in this part of Etruria to others, is proved by numberless sculptures, and by at least two thousand of the vases recently discovered in the necropolis of Vulci. In the tomb first opened at Corneto, was an inscription in Etruscan characters. Atha Felus, Festronia Pais Arth . . . a Falce. XIX. The Roman government, lending itself to the culpable cupidity of certain German speculators, prohibited the drawing of these sepulchres, and thus favouring a monopoly, has deprived the

public of a faithful account of them; and as they are now nearly destroyed by candles, or obliterated by damp, an accurate description of them has become almost impossible. The subjoined is a sketch of one of these tumuli. The door only is visible from without; but the chamber is represented as in a section." (1.)—[We give some of the engravings (1) (2) (3) which occur in our extracts at the end of our review.]

"The soil is so remarkably shallow as scarcely to cover the rock beneath (a species of sandy and soft calcareous stone, called by the people of the country *pietra arenaria*), in which the chambers were excavated; a sufficient thickness being left to form a roof, and sustain the superincumbent tumulus. The tumuli seem to have been bounded by a low wall, which is here represented on the right; and the whole seems to resemble that which Pausanias calls the tumulus of Æpytus, in Arcadia, of Pelagic construction; only that the wall enclosing the latter is of hard and irregular blocks of limestone. So favourable was the dry rock to the preservation of the body, when the air was excluded, that a person who looked into them through the first hole made by the workmen, saw a body stretched on a bench with its garments in perfect preservation; but, from the admission of air, while he was yet looking, it sunk down in a manner almost alarming, leaving only a picture of dust of all that had once been there. The tombs have been pillaged of many of their vases, arms, gold ornaments, and shields, without being subjected to any examination, drawing, or description; and it is doubtful whether some antiquities, decidedly Egyptian, said to have been found at Corneto, were really discovered there or not. Certain geese, alternating with little figures in the attitude of prayer, (2) and forming a border, in fine gold, seem evidently Egyptian. On the vases of Corneto a tripod is an object frequently painted. That these vases are not Etruscan, but Greek, is proved by their paintings, the subjects being uniformly Greek; and among the vast variety of fine vases found near the Ponte del Abbazia, at the necropolis of the ancient Vulci, amounting to more than two thousand, not one has been discovered marked with Etruscan characters. Those who originally described them were ignorant that the ancient writing of Greece ran from right to left, and not knowing the language, they concluded the numerous inscriptions Etruscan, and were displeased when Minerva, Neptune, Theseus, and the Minotaur, Hercules and Achilles, Hippodameia, Achilles, Phoenix, and other gods and heroes of Greece, were pointed out, with the names of the artists. Two or three were at last discovered with real Etruscan inscriptions, of which the letters were perfectly legible, though the sense was not so clear. These were of great consequence in the dispute; for on examination they were found to be of the black earth or clay of the Etruscan pottery, though imitations of the Greek as to form. The red ground of the Grecian pottery had been likewise imitated, by an after-application of red paint. This circumstance afforded the clearest proof that the former vases, which have been described as Greek, were really from Greece, or from Magna Græcia; and that historians have not exaggerated in their accounts of the foreign commerce of the Etrurians. Greek vases were exported to the most distant countries; for a Roman station being discovered near the Hague, Mr. Laing Menon, in 1829, saw in the ruins many cups and vases, of fine red pottery, with the names of the Greek artists who had manufactured them, distinctly stamped on the under

side. It is to be remarked, that of Vulci or Vulcia, (the city to which this necropolis was attached) very little is known in history; one of the fragments in the Capitol is almost the only historical document which remains of it, and that relates only to its downfall in the year u.c. 473:— . . . VNCANIYS. TI. F. TI. M. COS. . . . E. VVLBIENSIS. ET. VVLCIENSIS. AN. CDLXXIII. The Romans are said to have destroyed every thing appertaining to the records of ancient Etruria, and circumstances seem to confirm it. Certainly so little is known of this eminently distinguished people, that every particular is interesting. The chambers in the tumuli of Tarquinii are all nearly alike in size and shape. They are about nine feet high, seventeen wide, and eighteen long. One of the tumuli opened in 1823 is upon the edge of the hill, and toward the north. Its roof is the natural rock, and has been split by an earthquake. In many of the chambers the representation of a beam has been cut in the rock, at the meeting of the sloping sides of the roof, painted red, and sometimes ornamented with stars. In one chamber the roof is studded with small painted ornaments. The ceiling of the tumulus is not more than seven feet and a half from the floor, and is white, ornamented with red stars. The door is more than six feet high, and is four feet wide. The doors of many of the chambers were perhaps of stone, as being, when covered with earth, less liable to decay than wood. A part of one may yet be seen, with carvings more Egyptian than Greek."

Sir W. Gell goes on to describe some of the paintings, friezes, and other ornaments; minutely; and remarks on the inscriptions, (such as "Laris Larthia,")—"It is well known that Lar and Larthia are Etruscan titles, equivalent to king, as Lar Porsena and Lar Tolumnius, the kings of Clusium and Veii." On other inscriptions, "Ar Arithreikele," his conjectures follow: "perhaps Aruns Arithreikele. The word which next occurs, Fieiei, probably means *vis*, filii, or sons. Could Aruns mean prince? It may be remembered that Porsena's son was Aruns. In its termination Aruns seems to be Thracian, which would corroborate the opinion that the Pelasgian Tyrrheni were of Thracian origin. Little is known of the Thracian language; but it may be observed, that Orpheus and Eumolpus were Thracians; that the barbarous words, *konz* and *ompax*, of the Eleusinian mysteries were Thracian; and that the Thracian and Phrygian languages were nearly connected; the well-known *bek* (bread) of Phrygia is still *buk* in Albanian. If the Macedonian tongue could be reached through the Albanian, and some words of Thracian be discovered, we might thus hope to gain further insight into the extinct languages of antiquity."

Some of these points have been elucidated by papers from the author, read during several years at the Royal Society of Literature, and will be remembered by our readers in the reports of the proceedings of that Institution.

"It is (continues the learned author) singular that the men represented in these tombs are all coloured red, exactly as in the Egyptian paintings in the tombs of the Theban kings. Their eyes are very long, their hair is bushy and black, their limbs lank and slender, and the facial line, instead of running like that of

* It is evidently applicable also to females; and to persons in authority not kindly.—*ÆOL. G.*
† "Possibly they were so painted as a mark of honour or of victory; for when Camillus triumphed, he is said to have been anointed with minium—perhaps in imitation of the Etruscans, whom he had so lately vanquished. The passage in Pliny (*lib. xxxiii. 36*) is worth citing: *Jovis ipsum simulacrum faciem difibus festis minio illiri solent, triumphantumque corpora: sic Camillum triumphasse.*"

the Greeks, nearly perpendicular, projects remarkably, so that in the outline of their face they bear a strong resemblance to the negro, or to the Ethiopian figures of Egyptian paintings. They wear round their ancles rings as ornaments, and armlets on their arms. Shawls of oriental patterns are also worn by both male and female. Many of those engaged in the sports have only a wrapper of linen round their loins. Some have boots of green leather, reaching behind to the calf of the leg. Several other tombs have been opened besides those above described, but many must still remain, not only here but at Veii, and perhaps at every Etruscan city which was ruined in early times."

It will be extremely interesting to trace through language, or the forms of letters, the connexion between the ancient Etrurians and the Asiatic origin. We have, however, but a slight standard for comparison either in Lydian or Lycian remains.

"An assertion of the learned Niebuhr, that the Etruscans, of all the Grecian games, practised only those of chariot-racing and boxing, is amply refuted by the pictures in these tombs; for, in the pictures of one single chamber we find wrestling, leaping, running, boxing, chariot-races, horse-races, cudgel-playing, and riding at the ring. It must, however, be remembered, that these tombs were not discovered till after the publication of his 'History.'"

We cannot conclude our present extracts better than by copying the author's own words, in which he specifies his reasons for going into these details:—

"Tarquinii, Veii, and Cære, entombed their magnates in tumuli and excavations in the rocks: Falerii, Fescennium, Norchia, Nepete, and Blera, in the rocky dells common in their territory: and Sutrium in caves yet visible in the rocks, with architectural fronts, which are now destroyed. . . . Fanum Volturæ (supposed the present Viterbo) seems to have been esteemed the centre of Etruria; for it was considered the most convenient place for the general assemblies of the nation. (Liv. iv. 23; v. 17, &c.) It is highly probable, in the absence of all positive history, that its necropolis was reputed of superior sanctity, and that many persons of rank selected the spot for sepulture. The extraordinary assemblage of

Etruscan tombs at Castel d'Asso (Castellum Axii), near Viterbo, have already been briefly mentioned under the article Blera. They were first introduced to public notice by the learned Orioli, of Bologna, who wrote a short account of them. By the ancient road, through Forum Cassi, they are fifty-three miles from Rome. The face of the rock is cut into a form unlike any thing Grecian or Italian, and produces a most imposing effect; the style bears some resemblance to the Egyptian, but it wants one remarkable characteristic, that of a very projecting cornice on the summit. The profiles of these tombs are very singular." With regard to the inscriptions on them—"On the front of one is inscribed in large letters, 'Ecasu inesl Tetnia,' perhaps Titinius. On another is only 'Ecasuth.' At Norchia is a tomb, with 'Ecasu, Ecasu.' Another has, in two lines, 'Ecasu Velatru;' i. e. of Velathrus or Veletrius. Another, near Toscanella, has 'Eca suth inesl can,' or 'Pan.' (3) There are some other inscriptions, evidently the names of families. Another formula, given by Orioli, is, 'Savcnes suria.' It would seem that some general meaning must be expressed by words so frequently repeated; but nothing satisfactory has yet appeared as an interpretation. It may be observed that brass arms have been found in these sepulchres, which seem to refer them to a very ancient period: it is remarkable that scarabei also, in cornelian and other stones, are frequently met with here as in Egypt, but always with Greek or Etruscan subjects engraved upon them. The interpretation of the inscriptions found at Castel d'Asso, and other Etrurian cities, has hitherto wholly defied the efforts of the learned. It is in vain that Lanzi and Passeri have, with great toil and learning, succeeded to a certain degree in the interpretation of the Umbrian or Eugubian Tables: notwithstanding the numerous remains of Etruscan, Ril avil (vixit annos, or annos vixit,) and some proper names, are all that have ever been satisfactorily made out in this language. The Midæan inscription, in Phrygian or Lydo-Phrygian, is, in comparison, easy of translation. The ancients, as Adelung observes, would have thrown great light upon history, had they favoured us with some words

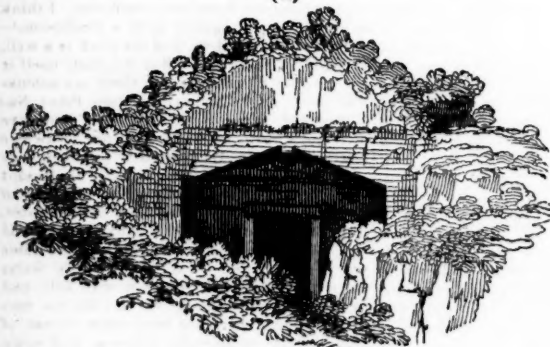
• "Ecasuthineis is found also on tombs near Perugia, and also in other places."

of the Thracian tongue, instead of bestowing upon it the constant epithet of barbarous. Of the Coptic, we know that Amenti signifies Hell; and that Mantus, Manto, and Mantua, were Etruscan for Pluto, or the city of Pluto: possibly other terms may hereafter be discovered. Of the Celtic element in the Etruscan language, of which it is supposed to have formed a considerable part, little or nothing has yet been determined. It is singular, that of all the Etruscan words left us by the ancients, scarcely one has yet been found in existing inscriptions; the word Rasne, the Etruscan name of the nation, is an exception, and also Lar, king. Nothing but the ignorance of commentators could have prevented the recognition of the Etruscan characters as identical with those of the ancient Greek in almost every letter; for there can be no doubt that the Etruscan letters are the ancient Pelasgic."

For further and very curious information we must refer to the work itself, and to its plates of ancient languages, which we cannot transfer to our page; and close with one brief, but generally instructive, extract:—

"The notion that certain persons could command the thunder was very prevalent. Numa is said to have had the secret, and Jupiter Elicius was the deity invoked. Tullus Hostilius tried to master the science, and burnt both himself and his palace. (Liv. lib. i.) It has also been lately asserted, that the Jews had some knowledge of conductors, and that certain spikes on the Temple at Jerusalem were for that purpose. It is to be feared, that with all these helps, and with all the inscriptions, nothing satisfactory has been yet discovered. Whether Punic, Coptic, Thracian, or Celtic, may hereafter serve to explain the Etruscan, is yet to be learned. The language is certainly neither Greek nor Latin, nor intimately connected with that of Umbria, as existing in the Eugubian Tables. Is it not possible that the Pelasgi may have been Thracians, who, having spread over Greece, and conquered the Peloponnesus, ruled, for a time, in Argos and Arcadia; and that they were afterwards expelled by the colonies of Danaus and Cærops, or became partly subjects and partly wanderers?—for, says Herodotus, those who remained dropped their own tongue, and spoke Greek."

(1.)



(2.)



(3.)



Voyage of H. M. S. Chanticleer, made in the Years 1829, 30, and 31, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, under the command of the late Captain Henry Forster, R.N., F.R.S. By W. H. B. Webster, Surgeon of the Vessel. Bentley.

(Third Notice.)

THE second volume carries the expedition to the Isle of Ascension; and though the following is not new, yet, when the theory of tides has attracted as much notice of them as the moon does of the tides, the whole details are well worthy of consideration.

"One of the most interesting phenomena that the island affords, is that of the rollers; in other words, a heavy swell producing a high surf on the leeward shores of the island, occurring without any apparent cause. All is tranquil in the distance, the sea-breeze scarcely ripples the surface of the water, when a high swelling wave is suddenly observed rolling towards the island. At first it appears to move slowly forward, till at length it breaks on the outer reefs. The swell then increases, wave urges on wave, until it reaches the beach, where it bursts with tremendous fury. The rollers now set in and augment in violence, until they attain a terrific and awful grandeur, affording a magnificent sight to the spectator, and one which I have witnessed with mingled emotion of terror and delight. A towering sea rolls forward on the island, like a vast ridge of waters, threatening as it were to envelope it; pile on pile succeeds with resistless force, until, meeting with the rushing off-set from the shore beneath, they rise like a wall, and are dashed with impetuous fury on the long line of the coast, producing a stunning noise. The beach is now mantled over with foam, the mighty waters sweep over the plain, and the very houses at George Town are shaken by the fury of the waves. But the principal beauty of the scene consists in the continuous ridge of water crested on its summit with foam and spray; for, as the wind blows off the shore, the over-arching top of the wave meets resistance, and is carried, as it were, back against the curl of the swell; and thus it plays elegantly above it, as it rolls furiously onward, graceful as a bending plume; while, to add still more to its beauty, the sun-beams are reflected from it in all the varied tints of the rainbow. Amid the tranquillity which prevails around, it is a matter of speculation to account for this commotion of the waters, as great as if the most awful tempest or the wildest hurricane had swept the bosom of the deep. It occurs in situations where no such swell would be expected, in sheltered bays, and where the wind never reaches the shore. The strong and well-built jetty of George Town has once been washed away by the rollers, which sometimes make a complete breach over it, although it is twenty feet above high-water mark. On these occasions the crane at its extremity is washed round in various directions, as the weathercock is turned by the wind, and landing becomes impracticable for the space of two or three days. Such are the rollers of Ascension, and like unto them are those of St. Helena and Fernando Noronha. The season in which the rollers prevail is from December to April; not but that they do occur at other periods, and they have been felt severely in July. Ships at the anchorage are perfectly secure, and they have to apprehend no danger unless within the immediate influence of breakers. Not only are the seasons of the rollers the same at St. Helena and Ascension, but they sometimes are simultaneous in occurrence. The Chanticleer, while

at anchor at St. Helena on the 17th and 18th of January, experienced some very high rollers, inasmuch that Captain Foster and his gig's crew landed with the utmost difficulty. On our subsequent arrival at Ascension, I inspected the meteorological journal of my friend, Mr. Mitchell, the surgeon of the island, and found it noted that the rollers were so violent on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of January, that landing was impossible. Here, then, is a coincidence as to time. The cause of the rollers have been speculated on, and various conjectures have been formed of them. Some have attributed them to the effects of the moon —

'Whom Ocean feels through all his countless waves,
'And owns her power on every shore he laves.'

And others have attributed them to the tides; but it is evident that these have nothing to do with them. They occur in the most tranquil season of the year, when the south-east trade wind is often very light, where the vast volume of water is constantly impelled in one direction. There is then a tendency to a back-set, or a rush of water in a contrary direction, and a tumultuous swell is produced wherever it meets with the resistance from the islands and the banks on which they are based, as well as the shores of a continent. The long steep beaches of Ascension are admirably adapted for the full display of the effect which has been just described.

From Ascension the Chanticleer proceeded to Fernando Noronha, and reached this group in a few days. Thence she sailed to Maranh, and up the river Amazon to Para. Here the usual pendulum and other scientific observations, were made; and the expedition went to Trinidad. A rather long account is given of this place, from which we shall content ourselves with extracting a story of Sir R. Woodford, whose whole government is highly praised.

"It was the general practice for the ladies after childbirth to be churched in their maiden names. On one of these occasions, whether accidentally or purposely I do not know, Sir Ralph was present. The clergyman in the usual course of the service said, 'Miss Mary Ann Colton begs to return thanks for her safe deliverance in childbirth.' 'What's that?' said Sir Ralph, rising before the whole congregation. The clergyman repeated the sentence. 'Pooh, Pooh!' said the governor, 'let us have no more of that nonsense.' The hint was taken, and the custom of churching the ladies as misses, in their maiden names, was dropped for their more homely ones, as matrons; but I am not certain whether the officiating clergyman was not the greatest loser by the change, for to ensure the delightful sounds of the maiden name being pronounced in the ears of the congregation, a dounce of a doubloon was the usual reward."

Mr. Webster's remarks on some of the natural phenomena of the island possess considerable interest; and we quote them with satisfaction.

"There is nothing more extraordinary in the structure of the whole island of Teneriffe [Trinidad?] than the extensive pitch formations it contains. The part of the island in which the pitch-grounds, as they are called, are found, is about twenty-four miles from Port Spain, at a place called Point Brea. There it is said that they are fifteen hundred acres in extent. On landing at Point Brea, which is done on a sandy beach, a person is naturally surprised to see large black rocks of pitch towering above the sand, and pieces of them rolled smooth and plentifully about the beach like pebbles. Every step he takes is on pitch-ground. Extensive

masses of it are also found presenting a broad and smooth surface. In some places the road has been entirely made over them; sometimes passing between large pieces, rising some feet above the surface. In some parts it seems as if a barrel of pitch had been upset, and left to mix with the soil. The pitch in general is merely a superficial coating on the surface of the ground; and nothing but strict examination would allow one to believe that the fertile scene around is situated on pitch-grounds. But it is so; cottages and gardens are implanted on it, and on it vegetation thrives most luxuriantly. The pitch-ground is not one continued mass of this substance, but is a series of broken and irregular patches of it, the soil intervening for considerable spaces. After walking up a gentle ascent of a mile and a quarter from the sea, over the pitch-ground, the visitor reaches an elevated basin, which is called the pitch-lake. This is a vast mass of pitch naturally collected in the form of a lake. The surface of it, moreover, assumes the appearance of one, and it is completely surrounded by a wood. The length of this lake is about half a mile, and its greatest breadth about half a furlong. Numerous pools of water abound on the surface, and the deep cracks and fissures in the pitch are filled with it, in which little fish and frogs sport about. This water is perfectly fresh and good. The pitch appears to be in some parts of great depth, if such an opinion may be justified from the cracks and fissures. It is hard enough to sustain the weight of a person walking on it, but becomes a little softened by the heat of the sun; so that persons at a little distance from each other sometimes disappear by sinking gradually into the hollows formed by their own weight. On the confines of the lake, vegetation is abundant and vigorous; and pine-apples grown on the pitch-grounds are said to be remarkably good. Many plants also grow in the pitch itself, without a vestige of earth for their roots; but they are stated to have been more barren formerly than at the present time. The name of pitch-lake can only with propriety be given to this small spot; for, by considering the whole as a lake, a person naturally expects to find one very large lake of pitch, which is not the case. The question naturally arises whether the lake is to be considered as the basin or origin of the whole, from which the sides of the hills and the adjacent country have been overflowed. I think appearances are against such a conclusion. — A little to the northward of the pitch is a well, or fount of liquid tar. But the pitch itself is not confined to the lake, for there are submarine beds of it. Midway between Point Naparina and Point Brea is a very extensive pitch-bank, with no more than ten or twelve feet water on it, the approach to which may be generally known by a strong unpleasant smell, and by the water having a pellicle of tar on its surface. Sometimes, at low-water, ships have grounded on this bank; and should they come to an anchor, the anchor and cable are found covered with pitch. The water about the pitch-bank abounds with fish, and fish-pots are generally set on it. At the Serpent's Mouth there are some reefs, formed of pitch, which occasionally increase, and again disappear, and are supposed to be connected with the mud-volcano. The pitch itself is a dull, black, solid substance, breaking with an even fracture, easily scratched by a knife; it emits a peculiar nauseous smell, like coal-tar; it sinks rapidly in salt-water, and marks paper a dull brown. At about 310° Fahrenheit it fuses imperfectly into a soft mass, more like

the softening of coal than the melting of pitch, for it does not run into a flaccid mass. Spirits of wine, nitric acid, strong alkali, had no effect on it whatever. It differs, therefore, in chemical composition from pitch, and is incapable of being used for the same purposes. It is used in mending and repairing the roads at Trinidad, and for cementing and binding stones under water. It has also been employed to obtain gas. Some years ago, when speculation soared with prying eye over the surface of the globe for treasures, the pitch-lake came into notice, but was soon disregarded. Whatever speculations may be indulged in about the origin of this substance, its affinity to coal cannot be doubted; and, notwithstanding the authority of the names in favour of the theory respecting the vegetable origin of coal, it is by a remote analogy only; and philosophers have never yet made one atom of coal by their processes. It is a very vague inference, because hard woods become charred by submersion, to say that coal is formed by it. In respect to the circumstance of finding the remains of the vegetable kingdom in the coal strata, we may observe on this pitch-lake and ground a very remarkable coincidence. The remains of the coal-field exhibit the vegetation of a hot climate and a moist situation; the vegetation of a country abounding in ferns, arundinaceous plants, as the bamboo and palms. About the pitch-lake all these abound in a remarkable degree; they are, in fact, growing on it, and with them a palm called the pitch-lake palm, from the peculiarity of its thriving there. Supposing, therefore, that coal was of similar origin, it may have been similarly situated with respect to vegetation; and we have no difficulty whatever in discerning how it is that vegetables become so abundant in it. If the pitch-grounds at Trinidad were now to be covered or buried beneath other rocks, the vegetables already collected in them, or about them, would hereafter occasionally be found. We have seen that there are pitch-beds in the sea in a soft state sufficient to receive the anchor of a ship, and therefore shells of marine origin may be found in this substance. In the deep fissures of the pitch-lake are pools of fresh water containing fish; and at a very short distance from them the marine beds may also receive salt-water fish. Besides this, a river may run over the pitch-grounds, and then we shall have every variety. Hence some very puzzling and opposite appearances may be found in juxtaposition. The coal formations of our own country may probably have been originally in the same state as now are the pitch-grounds of Trinidad, which would tend considerably to explain some of the present anomalous appearances. The pitch-grounds, in my opinion, are primordial, and do not result from the conversion of vegetable matter. The botany of the pitch-grounds would tend to elucidate the subject of organic remains found in the coal strata; and I am satisfied that a very surprising conformity would be discovered between them. No one dreams of the pitch-lake being formed from the surrounding vegetation."

From Trinidad the Chanticleer sought La Guayra and Porto-Bello; and detachments of officers and men traversed the Isthmus of Darien in various directions, endeavouring to fulfil the geographical purposes of the expedition under many difficulties. In one of these, under Lieut. Austin, to Panama, we hear:—

"The isthmus is well known to be infested with these and wild animals. Mr. Lloyd says, 'the country people will seldom more

after nightfall for fear of them, and always carry about their persons a 'contra,' or remedy, or, what they generally consider more efficacious, a 'charm' against their bite. This charm is an alligator's tooth, stuffed with herbs compounded and muttered over by some old woman. It is worn round the neck. The 'contra' is said to be very efficacious, being a bitter root called guavito, scraped down, and part of the powder taken inwardly, and part applied to the bite. A great pest in the country are what are called ganapatos, or ticks, which, in half an hour's walk in summer, will completely cover the person, and are taken from their hold with some trouble. A smaller but even more insidious enemy is the peito (*pulga*) de la Savana, or Savannah flea, not larger than a grain of sand, of a deep vermilion colour, and very numerous. They attack the softer parts of the flesh, and occasion a very painful itching. Common fleas, mignas or chijos, and mosquitoes, are in the usual abundance. Fire-flies are common and very brilliant; with other insects, of which many, Mr. Lloyd believes, have not yet found a place in our entomological catalogue.

In another excursion that fatal event took place which put an end to the expedition; and of which Mr. Webster's version follows:—

"About five in the afternoon, the canoe having just passed a rapid, Captain Foster suddenly rose up from the party saying he would go and see what the man afloat was about. They were reclining beneath the awning of the canoe in conversation, as Captain Foster crept out at the after-part of it. Being outside of it, with his feet resting on the gunwale, he incautiously seated himself on the awning, which had no sooner received his weight than it gave way, and he was precipitated into the river. The noise of his fall was heard, and Mr. Fox and his coxswain, Peter Veitch, instantly plunged after him. But their noble efforts were of no avail. The current swept the canoe rapidly away from the spot where the accident had occurred, and before she could be turned round to regain it, Captain Foster was seen sinking, with uplifted hands, to rise no more! Thus perished our unfortunate commander."

We add one remarkable paragraph more:—"The circumstance was known in the village directly, and the people came flocking in numbers to the house to hear the particulars from our host. I wished to settle my bill with him, but he said it was against his religion to receive money after hearing of a death."

In civilised and Christian England, we have seen the very corpse arrested on its way to the grave, to satisfy the cupidity of a creditor, by a savage extortion on the lacerated feelings of mourning friends and deprived relatives. In the wilds of America this delicate and beautiful trait occurred—ought we not to blush for our country? But our review is finished. After three years' absence, the Chanticleer returned home on the 9th of June.

We have already given our opinion of the work, which is agreeable, with some defects, and altogether not belonging to class A. Mr. Webster speaks of "the Happy Valley alluded to by Dr. Johnson;" the allusion is a most perfect description; and we merely mention this to show that the author is not so careful as he ought to have been.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Specimens of Modern Printing Types, cast at the Letter-Foundry of Alex. Wilson and Sons, Glasgow, 1833.—We are somewhat puzzled how to notice this magnificent quarto volume—whether as a production of the fine arts, of science, or of literature—for, in good truth, it is an emi-

nent example of all three combined. Messrs. Wilson's type-foundry has been in Glasgow through several generations; and, having at last outgrown its northern locality, is now established in the capital of the empire, the grand seat of emulation and reward in every branch of enterprise. We have gone over it, and been delighted with the process of casting from beginning to end—the great pains required to insure accuracy, and the wonderful division of manual labour necessary to the formation of every individual type, before the alphabet, and its many adjuncts of points, stops, marks of interrogation, &c. &c. are collected together and become *literally founts* of knowledge. What is, thus accomplished the work before us exhibits. Every species of printing is beautifully executed; and, whether for printer or author to choose what he deems the handsomest letter, we can imagine no specimens more attractive or perfect. All the usual languages, all sizes of books, every style, all forms and shapes—roman, bourgeois, brevier, rompareil, minion, pica, long primer, pearl, diamond, and ruby—adorn these pages; and were it only for the curious felicity of their finish, not to mention their universal usefulness, we would recommend them most heartily to the public. Next to having matter worth reading, the chief pleasure of study is to have the manner equally worthy of approbation.

A General System of Gardening and Botany, by George Don, F.L.S. Vol. III. 4to. pp. 867. (London, Rivington, and other Publishers.)—The third volume of the four in which this able botanist, founding himself upon "Miller's Gardener's Dictionary," is completing the enumeration and history of all plants hitherto known, defining their generic and specific characters, and making us acquainted with their habits, qualities, uses, and other particulars. Independently of its high scientific importance, this work is rendered practically valuable by the multitude of its receipts in the way of vegetable culinary economy, and chemical and medical applications. Of the capital light volume might be selected. The whole mass of information is prodigious.

The Omnipresence of the Deity, &c., by R. Montgomery. 12mo. pp. 281. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—This is the thirteenth edition of a poem, the success of which has more than justified the encomium with which we greeted its appearance; and we are glad to see that the author has not been above the task of revising and improving the most poetical of his productions. We say this frankly, because Mr. Montgomery's own literary course has not been unlike the critical reception he has received. Silly spites, envious coterie intrigues, and personal animosities, have sink him far below the standard his genius justly entitles him to claim; and even to render him an object of ridicule. No one can read this volume without feeling how gross and infamous such conduct has been, how injurious and nipping to powers which, at least, merited to be cherished and encouraged. On the other hand, the author has provoked some hostility. His earlier performances were fraught with the imperfections of clever youth, uninformed of the matters on which it undertook to dictate to the world; and some of his later poems, though able, have not maintained the promise of his better efforts. Judging from a long and wordy preface to this edition, we should guess that he is more filled with inflated notions of self, than with correct ideas of his real merits and deficiencies: a conceded Milton would be an unsufferable, if a possible, character. But let us repeat the tribute which is due to him, and re-assert his right to high public estimation had he never written a line beyond what this volume contains. There is much true poetry in it, much of good feeling, much of beauty; and we could only wish, that neither in it nor in other of his publications were he offended by drawbacks of inferior (or perhaps rather less suitable) compositions, and an apparent vanity which attaches consequence to trifles altogether remote from the high time of mind that befits to the true child of genuine sentiment and immortal song. It is as easy for authors to profess lofty poetical feeling and noble sentiment, as for scribblers of the low periodicals to deal in scurrility and personality. But to be continually and proximately warring against the latter is a sign of irritability and weakness, which nearly places the defender on a level with the assailant. A great mind, like an honest heart, or a clear conscience, can afford to smile at a world of abuse and slander; though it will happen to those who are inflated with egotism, that every gnat that buzzes near them throws them on the fever of protecting the self-idol they have set up for their and the earth's worship. We often think of these things when we see the impatience of criticism which belongs to the poorest writers, and the fiery wrath with which they are too prone to repeat every silly attack of the contemptible and worthless.

A Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion and Interior Communication, wherein are explained and illustrated the History, Practice, and Prospects of Steam-Carriages, and the Construction of Railways, Roads, and Canals, by Alex. Gordon, Civil Engineer. 8vo. pp. 326. (London, Tegg and Son; Glasgow, Griffin and Co.; Dublin, Tegg, Wise, and Co.; Sydney (Australia), J. and S. A. Tegg.)—*Sub Tegg-mine* might be applied to the publishing under which this title-page appears; but, perhaps, a still more auspicious circumstance is comprised in the agreeable words which we observe in black letter, "SECOND EDITION." Above two years ago, in June 1833, we took a favourable notice of the first edition; and of this, the second, we can fairly say, that it is every way much improved, and so enlarged as to be almost a new treatise. The subjects are of growing importance, and no information upon them (such as this volume affords) can be otherwise than acceptable to the public.

Historical
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Historia Technica Anglicana, by Thomas Rose. 12mo. pp. 432. (London, Baillière.)—A systematic arrangement of the leading events in English history, with an original system of mnemonics, is here offered to the public, by a very competent person, and one who has had long practical experience in tuition. Referring to the popular abridgements of history used in scholastic business, he observes with judgment and truth:—

"The frequent references by the pupil, for explanation and assistance from his instructor, clearly indicated that some necessary facilities were wanting in these compilations; facilities which the authors, in the plenitude of their own information, and the learned inexperience of their closets, never deemed it requisite to supply. It will be readily admitted, that if a pupil be left in a good measure to himself (as he probably must be in a large school), with no other assistance than an elementary work so defective in its construction, he will either contract a disgust for the subject which has not been rendered sufficiently clear and intelligible, or he will be liable to form erroneous views on the most important transactions recorded in the book. Brevity is an essential requisite in elementary treatises: extensive detail and learned deductions weary the young, who seek rather an acquaintance with facts, than an insight into remote effects. Indeed, the inculcation of general truths should precede the exercise of the judgment; they are the data from which mature years can extract morals and infer consequences. In few instances, perhaps, is it necessary to crowd history with philosophical reasonings; the human mind is gifted with an intuitive faculty of connecting causes and effects, of determining motives, and tracing distant issues. Fullness is another necessary qualification in a treatise for the student. The whole of the subject should be brought at once within his view: it should not be vague and indefinite, either in its commencement or termination; but should be brought down in an easy and regular descent from its very beginning to the period when it must necessarily close. We may have seen, in the company of the young, can have failed to notice their anxious inquiries as to what preceded and what followed the events of any incomplete narration."

Following up these principles, the volume before us affords a generally correct view of its subject, though in some places, where Mr. Rose gives us his own opinion on recent events within our generation, we think he has taken the surface instead of the actual realities of important circumstances. He had better have simply stated the facts, for they happened too near to him to be seen distinctly in all their bearings; and some of them are disputed to a degree beyond his version to decide their merits.

With respect to the system of memory founded on the words *manuscript* (ten letters for the ten digits) and *below* for vowels to liquidate them, we can only say that we should find it more difficult to remember the keys than the dates themselves. *Es. gr.*

"The Line of Plantagenet."

Plantagenet Henry-mémorid appeared;
The first Richard-mémorid in light never feared.
The infamous John-mémorid then came—
Then the third Henry-mémorid, a king but in name.
The first Edward-mémorid, renowned on the plain;
The next, Edward-mémorid, was cruelly slain.
Edward the third-mémorid, justly renowned;
Richard the second-mémorid was dethroned."

But, independently of this system, and the slight blemishes which we have pointed at towards the conclusion of the history, we must say that we have not seen a book superior to this, in plan and execution, for the instruction of youth. We conclude with one short extract respecting the Druidical Idols, which we hope may be the origin of the name of John Bull:—

"Strong Hugh, the chief idol of the ancient Britons, was worshipped under the form of a bull, and in connexion with the sun, on which he was supposed to ride. Stonehenge was peculiarly set apart for his services, and the Isle of Anglesea was dedicated to him by the appellation of the Mount of Hugh Praise." We would ask Mr. Rose where he finds Winchester to be Noviomagus?

The Conversion, &c., by Philalthea. 8vo. pp. 88. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A rather curious pamphlet on the advantages of an ecclesiastical establishment; and designating the separation of the Church from the State as the severing of soul from body. What with polemical reading, appropriate quotations, and a plain and quaint sort of reasoning—there is a good deal of sound matter for the consideration both of churchmen and dissenters.

H. Lister Maw's Defence, &c. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Lieut. Maw has been dismissed the service on a charge of neglecting his duty during a night-watch, when some smugglers escaped; and has published this pamphlet in defence of his character. We are not proper judges in such a case; but it does seem that he is, at any rate, an unfortunate victim to the strict law of discipline.

The Mistr of Verulam and other Poems, by Thomas Rags, author of the "Deity." Pp. 65. (London, Hamilton and Co.; Seeley and Co.; Nottingham, Dearden.)—Religious poems of considerable feeling and ardent piety. The chief piece is descriptive of an early martyrdom; and among the shorter compositions are several poetical touches which prove the author's impulse to be of a right origin.

One Step further in Stenography, by Laming Warren (London, Van Voorst.)—So many and such great improvements have been made of late years in the art of stenography, that any character of the characters is short and easily penned must be acceptable. Such a volume is

the present; and, though small, it contains every thing necessary for a stenographer to know.

The Mother's Pocket Medical Guide, &c., by a Physician. 32mo. pp. 88. (Glasgow, M'Phun; London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—We have more than doubts of the expediency of filling people's heads with crude ideas of diseases, often leading them to fancy what has no existence; and are equally sceptical as to the advantage of doctoring for ourselves. The most skilful of the medical profession are quite enough in the dark for the hap-hazard game of Kill or Cure; but when Ignorance itself takes up the play, the odds are wonderfully against the poor patient. This little book is in itself full of information, which mothers may do well to acquire.

The Christening, a Farce in One Act, by J. B. Buckstone. (London, Strange.)—No. IX. of the current edition of Buckstone's dramas, and adorned with a clever and characteristic portrait of the author, engraved after M'Clise. As every body runs to see this farce, we need only state, that it is quite proper for those who run to read. *The Merchant for 1855*. 18mo. pp. 416. (Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes; Dublin, Curry, jun. and Co.; London, Whittaker.)—This little volume is full of variety and interest; and dull and sluggish indeed must be that youth which it would not lead towards a love of reading and information. The selections are very judiciously made for the laudable object in view; and several original articles are in perfect keeping with the rest. A few neat engravings embellish the text.

Nursery Offering for 1855. (Edinburgh, Same Publishers.)—For the class of baby-hood, with coloured prints, &c. befitting the nursery. The style of the information seems to be above the style of the title and style of the volume and its pictures.

Leigh's New Picture of London. Pp. 474. (London, Leigh and Son.)—A new edition of this very popular work, which is an excellent guide for strangers, and a good reference for residents.

Musical Reminiscences, &c., by the Earl of Mount Edgumbe. 12mo. pp. 394. (London, Andrews; Richmond, Surrey, Wall.)—A fourth edition of this entertaining and interesting volume, to which we paid due attention on its first appearance. It well merited the success we predicted and it has attained. Besides many sound and critical observations on music, and an almost complete view of the Italian Opera for more than half a century, the present edition has an excellent paper on the late Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey, to which we shall probably return.

Village Reminiscences, by an Old Maid. 3 vols. (London, Bentley.)—A collection of various tales, which, without possessing any remarkable claims to originality or talent, are yet very pleasant reading. The "Recluse," and the "Convict's Daughter," are two of the most interesting. The mystery of the "Merchant's Daughter" is well worked up in its progress; but when developed, the cause is scarcely sufficient. As a whole, we cannot do better than repeat the assertion with which we commenced—that the *Village Reminiscences* are very pleasant reading.

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir, edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. Pp. 216. (London, Whittaker.)—All we can say of this Annual, at a glance, is, that it looks gay and merry. We have not had time allowed us to examine its little literature.

Progressive Exercises, or Easy Steps to the Knowledge of Grammar, by the Author of "Flora's Offering to the Young." &c. &c. 24mo. pp. 82. (London, Fauntleroy.)—This is a modest and unassuming little book; its plan is well conceived, and the exercises calculated to soften down the repulsive features in which grammatical studies are in general presented to the youthful mind. However excellent, the best treatises on grammar are not suited for the younger classes, who seldom attach any idea to, or perceive, even by chance, the nature of, the rules they are expected to commit to memory. The method pursued and illustrated by the author will be more successful in explaining the parts of speech than the most elaborate and minute definitions. The examples for exercise are amusing, instructive, and judiciously selected.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE evening illustrations intended to be given this session commenced on Tuesday. Dr. Grant, professor of zoology and comparative anatomy at the London University, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on "microscopic animalculæ." He referred to almost every book which had been published on the subject, and combated many assertions, which he considered erroneous, relating to the species. Dr. G., by reference to about fifty different drawings of the tribe, amply illustrated their Protean capabilities. He particularly drew the attention of his auditors to the volvox, remarkable for the powers of generation. Sometimes, he observed, the body of the animal was so increased by its contents that it burst; and he displayed a drawing of the creature in the state he mentioned. He explained the nature

of the cills; and observed, that it was somewhat remarkable that the same class of animalcules which exist here is also to be found in Africa and Berlin. He stated that animalcules, after being boiled in water of extreme heat, and exposed in bottles—some corked, and otherwise—appeared still alive; which he imputed to particles of dust having entered the vessel, to which the damp gave existence. He added, on this subject, that even if animalcules were boiled in the hottest water, placed in a bottle, and afterwards hermetically sealed, the contents would appear animated. Philosophers have considered that the process, so applied, would not destroy animation; but he was decidedly of opinion that the appearance of animalcules under such circumstances was owing to the trifling portion of air which might have entered the bottle. He observed that dust, in its most dry state, when put in motion by the winds, scattered the species wherever it fell, and that the increase of animalcules was more certain when the filth was so removed from the bank of a sewer. In his observation on the difficulty of discerning the mouths of the species, he mentioned that, when they were in a very hungry state, vermilion and indigo thrown into the water occasioned them to open their jaws. He adverted to the opinions which had been so widely diffused, that animalcules were formed for the purpose of living on each other; and, he added, he considered that the Creator had more beneficent cause for their existence. He stated the number of animalcules which would be found in the smallest drop of water, and concluded by observing, that the time usually allowed for similar addresses would not enable him to go more extensively into the subject.

We observed a painting of Adam and Eve, as large as life, in the ante-room, which had been sent to the Society by a very munificent supporter—R. H. Solly, Esq. This picture is the production of poor Barry; was sold with other effects belonging to him, and bought by the donor. It bears the best touches of the artist at the time it was painted, who was then in his prime.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY week being the first evening of meeting for the session, the Society assembled at their apartments in Somerset House; Mr. Greenough, the president, in the chair. A paper by Professor Agassiz was read, giving an outline of his classification of fishes, founded on their scales; and an account of the geological distribution of fossil fishes.

AURORA BOREALIS.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings (3d and 4th instant) the sky presented a most beautiful appearance; the coruscations of the Aurora were so brilliant as to afford a very sensible light. The heavens on the first evening between eight and nine o'clock, were covered (more especially northward) with fleecy clouds shining with a mild lustre; from the westward, and reaching to the zenith, was a broad stream of light in constant motion. A white bow, the most beautiful I ever beheld, nearly the breadth of the moon, tapering at the eastern extremity, and in appearance like the galaxy, reached quite across the heavens from east to west through the zenith, evidently crossing the magnetic meridian; the stars which shone through it were surrounded with a halo. I could compare it only to an immense white rain-bow.

On the next evening (Tuesday), the Aurora consisted merely of fleecy clouds of the same nature as those on the preceding night, excepting that in one place they were so bright towards the north, as to convey the impression of moonlight tingling with silvery beams the edge of a dark cloud; the moon was below the horizon. This luminous appearance was observed about six o'clock. A meteor shot from one of the bright courcations. The phenomenon was the loveliest spectacle I remember to have seen.

Wells, Norfolk.

Our able correspondent describes the same phenomenon which attracted so much attention at Liverpool, Carlisle, and other places.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. AUSTRALIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Dr. Litchfield on the Zoology of Australia.

The lecturer selected some of the more rare and curious animals of Australia as the subject of his lecture. He remarked, that most of the animal productions of this great country belonged to the marsupial order, distinguished by the premature production of their young—shapeless beings, with hardly the rudiments of limbs, or other external organs; nourished in the mammary pouch of the parent until their development was completed. The pouch was described, with its marsupial bones rising from the pelvis, supporting the imperfect little animals, and, at the same time, protecting the viscera of the parent from any injury resulting from their struggles. The structure and habits of the kangaroo, the dog-faced dayurus, and the wombat, were explained; and the differences of their marsupial bones described.

A specimen of the duck-billed animal *Ornithonychus platypus*, was produced, and its anomalous habits explained. After a brief review of the ornithological department of the subject, and an explanation of the character and habits of the native Australian, the lecturer concluded an interesting discourse by expressing an earnest hope that Britain, in colonising this country, would follow the example of her own benefactor and prototype, ancient Rome, and succeed in raising the natives from their present savage and wretched condition to one of civilisation and comfort.

FINE ARTS.

WINTER EXHIBITION IN SUFFOLK STREET.
[Fourth and concluding Notice.]

No. 351, *The Political Cobbler*. T. Clater. Rather too high for inspection; but the known talents of the artist are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the execution. Of the subject, we may perhaps be allowed to say, in the language of the brute of a waterman, who, refusing to assist in any attempt to save her, coolly rowed away from a part of the river into which a young woman had just thrown herself,—“there’s too many on ‘em!”—No. 364, *A Fruit-Stall, candlelight*. A. Fraser. If a good countenance be, as Queen Elizabeth said it was, “a letter of recommendation,” whoever this fair lass may present herself to will have to pay double postage; for she has a good countenance herself, and Mr. Fraser has thrown a good light upon it.—No. 372, *Highland Glen*. Miss A. Nasmyth. A romantic and picturesque scene, executed with skill and spirit.—No. 373, *Looking-out for Mackerel-boats*. W. Shayer. So clear and sparkling, that when time shall have toned its freshness down it will rival Teniers.

We pass to the works in water-colours, enamels, &c. No. 465, *King James and his Jeweller, George Heriot*. A. Chisholm. Its second appearance before the public and in our pages, but it can never be seen without exciting the highest admiration of the skill of the artist.—No. 451, *Boys at Marbles*. C. Simpson. The intense interest with which this game is sometimes carried on cannot be better illustrated than by this sketch. Other studies by the same artist are equally full of truth and character.—No. 425, *The Reconnoissance*. H. Martens. Mr. Martens continues his military operations with great graphic skill. We should like, for variety’s sake, to see him exercising his powers on other subjects.—No. 424, *Les Bijoux*. T. M. Joy; No. 455, *A Farrier’s Shop*. Charles Josi; and No. 458, *The Prince of Morocco choosing one of the Caskets*; James Stephanoff—are all entitled to notice.—In the

landscape department there are many admirable performances; especially No. 459, *Coast-Scene, morning*, and No. 481, *Coast-Scene, sunset*, G. F. Phillips; No. 429, *Three Sketches from Nature*, James Holland; No. 431, *On the Greta, Yorkshire*, H. W. Burgess, &c.—From the animals we select No. 432, *Study of an Italian Greyhound’s Head*, No. 462, *Study of a Lion’s Head*, and No. 432, *Cat watching a Butterfly*, J. M. Burbank. The last is one of the finest specimens of the feline species that we ever saw: its high condition, its silvery and pearly markings, its character and action, are perfect. If Michael Angelo had painted a cat, he could not have made it a more magnificent creature than this.—Of flowers, there is an ample and a beautiful show; as witness No. 473, *The Gardener’s Shed*, V. Bartholomew; No. 422, *Water-Lilies*, and No. 438, *Flowers*, Mrs. Harrison; No. 484, *Gloriana Speciosa*, Mrs. Withers; and No. 452, *Study from Nature*, James Holland.—By H. Bone, R.A. there are three fine enamels, viz. No. 403, *The Countess of Charlemont*, after Mrs. Mee; No. 427, *Canova*, after the late John Jackson, R.A.; and No. 427, *Countess of Dysart*, after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

It is but just to give a list of the noble and gentle proprietors of pictures who, by their liberality in lending them to the Society, have greatly contributed to the attraction of the exhibition. We transcribe their names in the order in which they occur in the catalogue. C. Shard, Esq., Mrs. Fortescue, C. Aders, Esq., — Archbutt, Esq., J. Wadmore Esq., R. Vernon, Esq., E. Bell, Esq., E. Landseer, Esq., R.A., J. W. Allen, Esq., Sir A. Crichton, Bart., Earl of Egremont, W. Nicol, Esq., E. Childe, Esq., J. Slater, Esq., J. Aiton, Esq., Rev. R. Fennel, Sir W. Beechy, R.A., E. A. Crouch, Esq., W. Struthers, Esq., Lady Bernard, H. E. Dawe, Esq., T. S. Cafe, Esq., J. Pye, Esq., — Whitehead, Esq., Rev. Dr. Burney, J. H. Anderdon, Esq., Earl of Carnarvon, Major Budgen, G. Lance, Esq., H. Rhodes, Esq., Rev. C. Digby, J. Knowles, Esq., R. P. Renell, Esq., H. Corbould, Esq., — Oakley, Esq., R. C. Sidney, Esq., J. Stark, Esq., — Sylvester, Esq., Lord Northwick, F. Ovendon, Esq., T. Tomkinson, Esq., — Penwarne, Esq., N. Smith, Esq., J. Wilson, Esq., J. Cook, Esq., J. and G. Foggo, Esqrs., S. Cartwright, Esq., Rev. J. Abbiss, T. C. Harrison, Esq., G. Barnett, Esq., The Haberdashers’ Company, N. Ogle, Esq., Dr. Sharpe, G. Hilditch, Esq., J. Unwin, Esq., J. Rolls, Esq., E. Wyndham, Esq., W. Manly, Esq., E. Chatfield, Esq., — Duppa, Esq., W. Hutchins, Esq., A. Fraser, Esq., J. Humble, Esq., Mrs. Jackson, G. T. Goodenough, Esq., — Field, Esq., Mrs. W. Carpenter, M. Nugent, Esq., W. Mayor, Esq., E. Dubois, Esq., H. Porter, Esq., R. Hollier, Esq., R. Colls, Esq., Sir J. Soane, R.A., G. Shaylor, Esq., L. Durlacher, Esq., R. Brown, Esq., E. Magrath, Esq., Decimus Burton, Esq., E. Ludlow, Esq., Mrs. Unwin, M. Colnaghi, Esq., W. F. Ayrton, Esq., J. R. Durrant, Esq., Mr. Tayleure, — Sparkes, Esq., W. Mayor, Esq.

Nor can we refrain from again applauding the fraternal courtesy with which the Society admit artists to their rooms gratuitously.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations to Heath’s Book of Beauty, 1835. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

As we stated in our last number, several of the plates in this pleasing and interesting collection are portraits of ladies of rank—the remainder

Query: Purity?—Printer’s Devil.

are fanciful and imaginative. The first class consists of portraits of the late “Duchess of Gordon,” painted by Sir J. Reynolds, engraved by W. H. Mote; the “Countess of Wilton,” painted by Sir T. Lawrence, engraved by J. Thomson; the “Lady Georgiana Russell,” painted by E. Landseer, R.A., engraved by H. T. Ryall; the “Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower,” painted by J. Bostock, engraved by H. T. Ryall; the “Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope,” drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A., engraved by H. Robinson; and “Mrs. Knowlys,” painted by W. C. Ross, engraved by H. Cooke. They are all more or less attractive, but we were most struck by “Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower,” and “Mrs. Knowlys.” In the next, or fanciful and imaginative class, our favourites are:—“Mary,” drawn by C. R. Leslie, R.A., engraved by J. Thomson. Every body likes to do that frequently which he is conscious he does well; Mr. Leslie is therefore very fond of representing masses of flesh in half-tint. He never was more successful than in this bewitching performance, which rivals the “Chapeau de Paille” in clearness and transparency, and excels it in sweetness of expression.—“Constance,” drawn by E. T. Parris, engraved by H. T. Ryall. To the grace and elegance with which Mr. Parris always invests subjects of this description, is in the present instance added great spirit and novelty of effect. The dark head “tells,” as painters call it, admirably against the light and fleecy cloud.—“The Carrier-Pigeon,” drawn by D. McClise, engraved by W. Egleton. A charming illustration of the charming old song, “Say, little foolish fluttering thing.”—“Ellen,” painted by H. Wyatt, engraved by H. Robinson. The original has more than once been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, with the praise which its beauty deserves: Mr. Robinson’s graver has done great justice to it.—“Helen,” drawn by B. R. Faulkner, engraved by H. Robinson. In breadth of effect Mr. Faulkner equals Sir Joshua; of whose general treatment of his subjects this fine head forcibly reminds us. Mr. Faulkner is a rapidly rising artist.—The remaining plates are—“The Pink Domino,” drawn by T. Stone, engraved by W. H. Mote; “Edith Bellenden,” painted by Louisa Sharpe, engraved by W. H. Mote; the “Fountain Nymph,” drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A., engraved by H. Robinson; “The Marquesa,” painted by J. Hayter, engraved by H. T. Ryall; “Antonia,” drawn by E. T. Parris, engraved by W. H. Mote; “The Sisters,” drawn by J. Hayter, engraved by J. Thomson; and “Ianthé,” drawn by J. W. Wright, engraved by H. Cooke.

The Biblical Keepsake; or, Landscape Illustrations of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Holy Scriptures; made from original Sketches taken on the spot, and engraved by W. and E. Finden. With Descriptions of the Plates by the Rev. Hartwell Horne, B.D. London, Murray.

“WHILE other works of comparatively small value,” say the proprietors of this interesting and elegant volume, in their introduction, “have employed the pencils of the first artists, and have received every sort of embellishment, it is singular that so little should have been accomplished towards the illustration of the most important of all books, the Holy Scriptures. To supply this deficiency is the design of the present collection of landscape illustrations, in which are exhibited some of the most remarkable places mentioned in the Bible, as they actually exist, and very few of which

have hitherto been delineated. The very favourable reception given by the public to the eight numbers already published of 'Finden's Illustrations of the Bible,' has induced the proprietors to offer them in the present more portable form." Having noticed in detail, and with the admiration which they were justly calculated to excite, the Illustrations here alluded to, in the course of their publication, we have now only to repeat our praise of their general excellence, in this their new and splendid form.

Blighted Hope. Painted by E. T. Parris, engraved by J. C. Bromley. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

THAN beauty radiant with joy, there is but one object by which the heart of man is more powerfully affected—beauty in distress. Who that contemplates the lovely subject of this fine print, gazing with dejected countenance at the inauspicious missive which has at once blasted the cherished anticipations of years, but must feel the deepest interest in her sorrow, and the most earnest wish, if possible, to afford her consolation? Mr. Parris has exerted his usual taste and talent in depicting the fair mourner, and has thoroughly succeeded in the expression of Lord Byron's pathetic line,

"It is no dream—and I am desolate!"

He has been admirably seconded in his efforts by Mr. Bromley.

The Covenanters. Painted by G. Harvey, engraved by J. C. Bromley. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

THE impression which the picture made when it was exhibited in the Gallery of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, undoubtedly warrants the anticipation that this will be a very popular print—especially among a large class of the Scottish nation. It forcibly embodies the graphic descriptions of Sir Walter Scott and older writers on the subject. The simple but energetic action of the preacher, and the profound though varied attention of the congregation, are equally admirable; while the gloomy wilderness of the surrounding scenery adds greatly to the general effect.

Interior of a Highland Cottage. Painted by J. F. Lewis, engraved by C. G. Lewis.

FULL of truth, and of truth amusingly and rarely told. If, however, the proverb, that "a watched pot never boils," is to be depended upon, we fear that the three pair of eyes, human and animal, which are so intently fixed upon the porridge, will prevent the realisation of the hopes of the party.

Bay of Spessia. Painted by H. P. Bonington, engraved by C. G. Lewis. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

THE dark and poplar-like tree in the centre comes in rather harshly; but in other respects this is a highly characteristic specimen of the admirable and lamented artist whose name it bears.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE POPE AND THE SULTAN.

THE Pope sits in St. Peter's chair,
And many a well-fed monk is there;
He quaffs at will the choicest wine—
I would St. Peter's keys were mine!

But, no! 'tis never his to prove
The melting kiss of woman's love:
And who, to spend his hours alone,
Would choose to sway the world's own throne?

The Sultan hath his harem fair,
And many a sweet Circassian's there;
No certain lectures gives his wife—
Gods! but that were a merry life!

But, stop! 'tis never his to know
Of rosy wine the inspiring glow:
His Alcoran forbids the bowl—
Such lot would suit but ill my soul!

But could I mix the tulip's bloom
With the red rose's sweet perfume;
Could I but mingle Pope with Turk—
Methinks that were a glorious work!

I'd think whene'er I stole a kiss,
What Sultan could do more than this?
And when laid senseless on the floor,
I'll cry, "the Pope could drink no more!"

E. P. T.

[From the German, in an unpublished Collection of Tales, entitled, "Tales of the Rhenish Chivalry."]]

BIOGRAPHY.

WM. ROBERT SPENCER, Esq. died at Paris on the 23d ultimo, in his 65th year. He was born 9th Jan. 1769, married 1791, and has left a family of six sons and daughters. Mr. Spencer was cousin to the Duke of Marlborough, but more known to the literary circles by his poetical productions. While from the pen of his brother Charles proceeded the comedy of "the Fashionable Friends" (1802), William Spencer gave us in 1796 a splendid folio volume of "a Translation of the German Leonora," with designs by Lady Diana Beauclerc; in 1804 "the Year of Sorrow," in 4to.; in 1808 "Urania," a comedy; and in 1811 a volume of Poems. The sportive imitation of his style in the "Rejected Addresses" will be remembered by most readers; while those who now regret his loss will feel that a most amiable man, of fine taste and considerable talent, has been removed from the sphere he adorned.

DEATH OF OSMAN NURADDIN PASHA.

THE *Moniteur Ottoman* of the 20th September last announces the death of the celebrated Osman Nuraddin Pasha, who fell a victim to the plague on the 12th of August, in the 38th year of his age.

Osman Pasha had the advantages of a liberal and solid education; his talents were of no ordinary nature, and his noble frankness gained him the esteem of all who knew him. Many of his early years had been spent out of Turkey; but, whatever his natural talents may have been, he would not have been what he was known to be, unless he had adopted the means of developing them by a careful education in Europe, perfected by long travel. For this education he was indebted to Mohammed Ali, the viceroy of Egypt, who sent him to France, and amply provided him with the necessary means. He always acknowledged this great favour with the most lively gratitude, but deeply deplored that his benefactor should so constantly mix up his personal interests with his most generous acts.

Osman Pasha was chief admiral of Mohammed Ali's fleet; and by his rank and influence was the most powerful person in Egypt next to the viceroy and his son. He left all, deserted the Egyptian flag, and came to Constantinople to cast himself at the feet of his sultan. This resolution occasioned a considerable sensation both in the Turkish Empire and in the journals of Europe. It was variously interpreted. During his short illness, his chief anxiety was to explain his motives for this step. His last declaration was to the following effect:—

"Whilst I believed I was serving the cause of the sultan and of the Ottoman nation, I directed all my efforts and all my energies to that object; but when I could no longer doubt that the forces of Egypt were sent out to serve the ambition of an individual; when I saw the arm which should have brought the most efficient aid to the sultan turned against him, and exciting civil war, I began to consult my conscience. It shewed me that at no period was union more necessary to Mussulmans, that it was the duty of all to rally round the chief of the state—the representative of the Ottoman Unity—the lineal descendant of our sovereigns from a period of six centuries. Sultan Mahmud had undertaken the arduous but necessary task of effecting a general reform; every faithful Mussulman acquainted with the political circumstances which rendered this reform so necessary, was bound to aid his prince in his endeavours to restore to the nation its primitive power and influence. He who is a stranger to this high sense of duty has not in his soul that principle which makes it appear noble in the eyes of men, and pure before God; I can no longer consider him a believer like myself, much less a master whom I can serve. From that moment I abandoned every thing, that I might be at peace with myself; I have left fortune and honour, and have come to take my stand under the flag which my heart shall never cease to consider as the only national banner—the only one worthy of my obedience. It may be that persons who have no faith in unyielding principle do not understand me;—I have not courted the opinion of others, I have consulted my own only: God will judge it."

Such were the last words of Osman Pasha. By his death Turkey has lost one of its bravest and most enlightened patriots. The sultan placed unbounded confidence in him, and the highest honours in reserve for him.

His younger brother, Nuraddin Bey, has also been educated in France, at the expense of Mohammed Ali, and is considered a youth of considerable talents. On the defection of his brother, the Pasha, he came over to England, and has lately been visiting the principal manufacturing towns.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

FROM NO. V. of the "Autograph Portfolio," we think our readers will be gratified to see the annexed interesting letter from Lady Rachel Russell,* which is from the Duke of Rutland's valuable MSS. at Belvoir, and hitherto unpublished.

"Jan: 7th 1812

"the account that pulce gave Han Reddish, was very surprising to us here: we have been sensible of no sorts of tremble^{ss} of y^e earth & when Belvoir Castle dos one wou'd think a great many other places shou'd do so to, & indeed by her saying there was an earthquake in those parts it make us guess twas felt in more places, God be prais'd it did no harme and I hope if you were affraid that has done you none: I shall be glad to hear y^e Cold is better. I suppose whoever writes a letter by this post tis expectd, our King of Spain shou'd be Name'd in it, & I hope right will be done him, by some pen of better ability than mine for besides my having no talent at characters being no Spectator must discribe him very imperfectly, but what my Memory has pickt up you shall have as to the Cerimonys I think one may venture to say there is a general aprobation both

* Born 1636—died 1723.

as to his person and behaviour & vnderstanding too. y^e Sister says her good wish's are wonderfully increas'd he looks so very good, but for particulars of Cerimonys she was oblig'd to retire as often & as far from them as she cou'd, but lady Ann popham who I believe did the contrary was here this evening—and as near as I can I repeat her words he set out from petworth at Seaven a clock in the Morning, stayd an hour & half at gilford and about seaven got to windsor. finding it grow dark to make his entry shining. 50 flambeaus were sent to meet him & every other man of the guards held a torch in his hand. the queen met him at y^e top of the stairs he touch'd the bottome of her garment then she embraced him & they kiast both.—cheeks: he led her to her chamber and was observed to be speaking to her all the way, but not forgetting very becoming bows to y^e Company as he past along, he left her in her chamber & the prince attended him to his he stay'd. about 3 quarters of an hour, made no change but a periwig (y^e first being ty'd wth behind) he had a blue coat with gold & silver galoon next day was crimson velvet very fine: when they met that night again y^e queen present'd him her self to all y^e ladys one by one: a little after all these kiss's were over. Super was on the table, but first I shou'd observe that whilst he sate twas at y^e queens right hand but he never kept his seat long but rise up & entertain'd the queen & y^e Company as others did. he eat little at supper seem'd Mightily fatigued, when they part'd to their chambers y^e bottome of y^e Robe was touch'd again & a kiss, now we leave them to their rests and say a little of his person: he does not seem Robust at all rather tender, la: Ann says as tall as y^e Duke of Somerset, y^e sister says not all his motions easy & good a Melancholy look very good eyes. very white teeth—& a very becoming smile when he speaks, his voice something inward—and pronounces his words slow, most agree there is something Makes em remember King William but he is most to be resembl'd to y^e Duke of S^t: Albans: now Morning is come: & about 12 a clock a thursday the queen sets forth with her one ladys to y^e king apartment but meets him about half way coming to hers, but she went on & led him to his bedchamber where, leaving her ladys with the prince they went into the Cabinet within y^e chamber, about half an hour or more; then he led her into the drawing room soon after dinner was on y^e table he sate as before on her right hand & y^e prince in an Arm'd chair at y^e end of y^e table: y^e young'e Jentl'man had now recover'd his spirits & eat very heartily pointing wth his fork to lady fretchwell what he w^d have who took the carving part upon her by lady Harlots desire, the queen drank to the King & when they did so both Rose up sate down & Rise again when y^e other had done drinking y^e prince drank y^e King of Spains health but tis disput'd whether he drank it to him self or to y^e queen: he spoke often to her Majesty at y^e desert pointing for some candy'd orange flow'rs y^e queen took y^e saucer & reach'd it to him he put back his chair & stood up to take it, now the service being done Lady Marlborough stood ready with her towell & basin of water, our young king Rise from y^e table: offer'd to take the towel from y^e lady she held it fast but he prevail'd took y^e napkin dip'd in the water took one of y^e queens hands and wash'd her fingers ends, & then his one gave back y^e napkin to y^e lady: and with it one of y^e finest diamond rings desiring her to ware it twas observ'd to be so upon his one finger, & lady fretchwell it seems had look'd on it as

her one and therefore took her present in so great disdain she gave it away presently to M^r: Cowder, 'tis a cross of 5 brillian diamonds y^e prittyest set in y^e world he present'd y^e two dressers in wayting one a Ring y^e other a diamond chain for a watch: y^e afternoon past a little while at Basset, Musick, & Country dances they tell me y^e post will be gone, so his complim^{ts} at parting must be omit'd w^h were very pretty & very sensible: my lord treasures to him was y^e till this time the wishes for his prosperity was for publick good but from this time they wou'd be Joyn'd in regard to his person. lord Marlborough goes a tuesday for Holand y^e poor people being vnder apprehensions.

"R. RUSSELL.

"For the Right Honble the Lady Granby at Belvoir Castle in Leicestershire by, Grantham Bagg."

MUSIC.

Set of Six Songs, composed and dedicated, by permission, to H.R.H. the Princess Augusta, by Lady A. Kennedy Erskine. (London, Power.)—The words of these songs are by Miss Costello, whose graceful talents have frequently won the meed of our applause. The first song, much in the style of "Isle of Beauty," merits to become as popular; and the second, "We meet," with its pretty accompaniment, deserves a foremost place among the simple ballads of the day. For the rest, we shall but say that we are sorry there are only six in the volume. As an example of the versification, we quote a portion of a spirited composition:—

"My bride, my bride, I've won thee,
And who shall part us now?
Who now shall bid thee shun me,
Or cloud with fears thy brow?
My heart, by sorrow blighted,
Has caught new life from thine;
And now they bloom united—
My bride, my bride is mine!"

"My bride, my bride, no longer
We move with steps of fear—
Our star of love grows stronger,
Our only world is here.
As fortune's stream may guide us,
Our vessel we resign:
Whatever lot betide us,
My bride, my bride is mine."

The middle verse is injured by a faulty rhyme—"removed" with "love,"—evidently an oversight.

I remember, I remember how my Childhood flitted by, and the Runaway. Ballads by Mr. Praed, and the Music by Mrs. E. Fitzgerald. (London, Dannelsy.)—Equally sweet and sportive, the words and the music of these charming songs are admirably adapted each to enhance the pleasure afforded by the other: "I remember" is our especial favourite; for in it the mixture of playfulness and sentiment is quite beautiful.

Daylight is Dying: Words by J. A. Law, Esq., Music by J. F. Dannelsy. (London, Dannelsy.)—We are very partial to Mr. Dannelsy's compositions, of which this is one of the sweetest.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN.

AT the latter theatre poor worn-out *Manfred* has been partially propped by the grand opera of *Gustavus*, till Thursday, while Drury Lane has *DONE BRUTUS*, *Henry IV.*, "no performances," and *Cato*; the most agreeable and profitable of which were the No Performances of Wednesday and yesterday. The Thimble-rig management of two houses with one (inefficient) company, is more difficult and less attractive than the ordinary black-leg thimble-rig; because dancers cannot hop, nor singers sing, at two places at once, like birds! Therefore, "notwithstanding the great success of Lord Byron's drama, and the expense attendant on its performance, in conjunction with the grand opera, an opportunity is this evening (Wednesday, to wit) afforded the public of seeing *Manfred* and *Gustavus* together."—*Vide the Bills.*—It is quite extraordinary to announce the continuation of performances "notwithstanding their great success!" but the solution will be found when the *Red Mask* comes out, and the trouble of having the dancers

and singers in shows at both theatres simultaneously is gallantly undertaken.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Saturday there was a full house to see *Manfred*, and to hear Mr. and Mrs. Wood in *Cinderella* (not to mention Meadows's excellent *Pedro*, or Seguin's *Dandini*), it being the termination of their engagement; on which occasion the bills truly remarked there was an "unprecedented combined attraction;" meaning thereby an attraction which had been combined several times within the preceding week!

ENGLISH OPERA.

LAST night cloged the first season of the new English Opera, which, though every way honourable to the efforts of Mr. Arnold, has not, we imagine, been a profitable commencement. Perhaps, considering the period of the year, and other circumstances, it was hardly to be expected that it should be so. It has, in several respects, been almost an experiment; and, viewed in this light, we would say that it is a very encouraging one. Operas and music of high merit, by native composers, have been produced; and thus a distinguished musical character has been achieved for the house and its management. Working upon this sure basis, having time for more mature preparation, and being taught by practice what to cultivate, what to avoid, what to continue, and what to alter, we have every reason to expect that the next will not only be a superior but a lucrative year. We ought not to conclude this notice without observing, that the beauty of the audience-part of the theatre has been amply reflected by the dresses and scenery of the stage; than which nothing could have been more appropriate and splendid. We confess our dislike to some of the arrangements, in which the box-keepers, &c. act their parts; for we never visited a theatre in which it was more difficult to move into places without undergoing the most civil extortion. We trust this will be amended; and, as in every other respect, the English Opera be rendered entirely deserving of the warmest patronage of the English public.

ADELPHI.

BUCKSTONE, with whose name dramatic production and dramatic success seem to be identical, gave us a new drama on Monday, called, *Agnes de Vere*; or, *the Broken Heart*. Its great merit is its entire simplicity; for the action, though stormy and passionate, arises out of natural causes, and the catastrophe is brought on by circumstances that might readily happen in common life. *Agnes de Vere* (Mrs. Yates) marries, secretly, a man, *Alfred* (Yates), whom her father knows to be a villain; and thus blights all the hopes of her parent, who denounces her filial ingratitude and dies broken-hearted. Five years elapse between the first and second acts. *Agnes* is sorrowful, but still so far happy in the apparent love of her husband and devotedness to her child. The hypocrisy of the former, however, is unmasked; she learns that another is preferred; and jealousy and madness take possession of her brain. She attempts to destroy her rival (Mrs. Honey) and husband, but accomplishes only the latter; and, bequeathing her child to an estimable cousin (Hemmings), whom she had deserted for *Alfred*, falls dead of a broken heart. Mrs. Keeley and Buckstone himself, as two domesticities, sustain the lighter portions of the piece with infinite drollery; the one as a perfect *Abigail*, the other as a *finaficio per la Musica*, with an odious Serpent for his favourite instru-

ment. But the grand effect is in the admirable performance of Mrs. Yates, whose pathos and despair belong to the finest order of histrionic excellence. We say every thing when we say that her *Agnes* develops higher powers than her *Victorine*. Yates is also worthy of warm praise: his subdued plausibility is perfectly in character, and he never steps beyond it. Hemmings is particularly good in the last act; and the child is capital. The piece is altogether one of those striking hits which the Adelphi is so fortunate in making.

OLYMPIC.

On Monday, and during the week, a new burletta, entitled *Name the Winner*, has been performed with success, mainly owing to the humour and talent displayed by Mr. Liston and Mrs. Orger, in the principal characters of *Lol*, an auctioneer, and Mrs. *Nettleway*, a pleasant widow. The incidents are amusing enough; and, without taking a high stand even as a burletta, *Name the Winner* will run its course as an agreeable variety.

VARIETIES.

Capt. Parry.—Among the returned travellers who interest the literary public, we may notice that Capt. Parry is once more amongst us, and in excellent health.

Dominica.—A dreadful hurricane has ravaged Dominica (September 20th and 21st); and seems to have almost equalled that which visited Barbados two or three years ago. Many lives have been lost, and the crops altogether destroyed.

The Literary Fund.—The first meeting of the Committee took place on Wednesday, when relief was granted to a number of unfortunate authors. The Literary Fund Club, consisting of members of the council and committees, and of other subscribers attached to the cause of this most humane and benevolent Institution, dined together at Freemason's Tavern; where many suggestions and propositions for the advancement of the Fund were thrown out and discussed, without the formalities of debate, but with no less prospect of future benefit and utility.

Society of British Musicians.—At a meeting of this Society at the English Opera House, on Tuesday, Mr. Hawes in the chair, a letter from Sir Herbert Taylor was read, announcing that his Majesty had graciously consented to become its patron and protector. So important an event was hailed with great applause; and the future prosperity of the Institution felt to be built on a sure foundation.

At Home, our own and the neighbouring coasts have suffered of late from very tempestuous weather. The equinoctial gales seem to have reached us six weeks beyond their usual period—and with more of violence and duration.

Great News!—The *Courier* of Monday, and thence the *Times* of Tuesday, have at last got the news of the Thames Tunnel's being likely to be finished. Considering that it is little more than two months since we announced the fact, and that we only repeated it last Saturday, as an illustration of an argument, this must be considered very quick work! By the time the job is completed, it is probable that the less diligent journals may hear of its having been undertaken.—We greatly regret to learn that a destructive fire broke out yesterday morning in some of the workshops and premises belonging to the Tunnel, and destroyed property to the amount of 2000*l*.

Medico-Botanical Society.—The first sessional meeting of this Society took place on

Tuesday week; and we propose to record its progress whenever any thing of general interest occurs.

Impromptu.

'Mid graphic gems, at F. G. M.'s—
Whose taste no man impugns—
I spent an hour—would that were all
I spent at Mr. Moon's!

Kings.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Evans's fourth Part of the Catalogue of the late Mr. Heber's Library (for sale next month) is on our table, and, we observe, comprises, as the preface states, "some very curious books on English, Scotch, and Irish history, and some rare French romances." But its grand feature is the collection of English Poetry, and authors whose works demonstrate the progress of our language and literature. In this respect, the Catalogue, and the productions it describes, are eminently deserving of the attention of the literati.

We perceive that the *Knickerbocker New York Magazine* has passed into the hands of Mr. Clark's brother. The three numbers that we have seen do him great credit. The articles are clever and various—and the whole conducted with much talent and taste.

Since reviewing "Will Watch," in which (as in every other case) we have looked alone at the merit of the work before us, a preface, containing the hostile correspondence between the author and Capt. Marryatt, has been sent to us. As it is at present more a matter of police than of literature, we refrain from any remarks, though its literary consideration involves several points of much interest to writers, publishers, and readers. When ripe, or rather properly fit for discussion, we shall venture to offer our opinion to the public.

In the Press.

A volume of Sermons preached in St. Paul's Chapel, Winchester Hill, by the Rev. Thomas Bissell, A.M.—A New Guide to Spanish and English Conversation, by J. Rowbotham.—The History of Germany, from the earliest dawn of authentic Record, down to the present Time, from the German of Kobhranch; also, an Abridgement of the same Work, for Schools.—The second vol. of England; an Historical Poem, by John Walker Ord.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A General System of Gardening and Botany, founded upon Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, by G. Don, F.L.S. Vol. III. 4to. 3s. 12s. cloth.—A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye, by William Mackenzie, M.D. 2d edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d.—A Treatise on Marine Surveying, by T. C. Robson, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, by P. Doddridge, D.D. 7th edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—A Key to Keith's Practical Arithmetic, 6th edit. by S. Maynard, 12mo. 6s. bound.—Transactions of the Entomological Society of London, Vol. I. Part I. 7s. 6d. sewed.—Cook's Views in London and its Vicinity, No. 12 (completing the work), Imperial 8vo. 3s. 6d. proofs 7s. 6d., India proof, before letters, 10s. 6d.—An Introductory Lecture on the Origin of Local Diseases, by George Maciawain, 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.—A Collection of Welsh Prize Poems, which obtained Medals at the Cardiff Eisteddfod, August, 1834, when I. 8vo. 2s. sewed.—The National Self-Instruction, or School Book, No. 1, 4to. 1s.—Hale's Advice to his Grandchildren, 3d edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Hale's Counsels of a Father to his Children, 4th edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—The Fruits of Education; or, the Two Guardians, by Mrs. Cameron, 2d edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Civil Engineering, by Blunt Stevenson, Part III. folio, 21s.—Library of Useful Knowledge, Natural Philosophy, Vol. III. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cloth.—Memoir of the Rev. H. Martyn, B. D. 12th edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—Historia Technica Anglicana, by T. Rose, 12mo. 7s. cloth.—Voyage to the Southern Atlantic Ocean in the Years 1829–30, in H. M. Sloop Chanticleer, by W. Webster, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. bds.—Ventouilla's Rudiments of the French Language, by F. J. Walter, 2d edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Sermons by the Rev. H. R. Maude, Vicar of St. Olave, Jewry, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—Home Happiness; or, Three Weeks in Snow, foolscap 8vo. 3s. cloth.—Harrison's Songs in the Night, new edit. 32mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.—Memorials of Two Sisters, 3d edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Essay on the Habitual Exercises of Love to God, by Joseph John Gurney, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Juvenals at Persius Ruperti et Kenig, 8vo. 14s. cloth.—A Gilpin at the Monumental Antiquities of Great Britain, by M. H. Bloxham, crown 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Aristotle Orlando Furioso, Penzance, 4 vols. small 8vo. 2s. cloth.—Phœdrus Fabula, foolscap 8vo. by Giles, 4s. cloth.—Popular View of Homeopathy, by Rev. T. Everest, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—The Home Account-Book, new edit. 4to. 4s. 6d. half-bd.—The Instructor, Vols. I. to III., to be continued, 18mo. 2s. each half-bd.—Popular Physiology adapted for General Readers, by F. B. Lord, M. D. foolscap 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—The Excitement for 1835, 18mo. 4s. 6d. roan.—Notes on Italy and Rhemish Germany, by E. Lee, Esq. 12mo. 5s. bds.—A New View of Time, and the Simple but Rich Beauties of the Sciences, 18mo. 4s. bds.—The Topography of Rome and its Vicinity, by Sir W. Gell, M.A., F.R.S., 3 vols. 8vo. 25s. bds.—Map of Rome and its Environs, by ditto, 14s. in case.—Jameison's Female Sovereigns, 2d edit. 9 vols. port 8vo. 21s. bds.—Buckstone's Dramas, Vol. I. six plates, 7s. cloth.—The Lyre and Sword, by C. F. Körner, translated from the German by W. B. Chorley, 32mo. 4s. cloth, 5s. silk.—The Sacred Offering; Original Poems, 1835, 32mo. 4s. 6d. silk.—Con-

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1834.

October.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	From	To	From	To
Thursday... 30	47	53	30.46	30.31
Friday... 31	42	50	30.15	30.08
November.				
Saturday... 1	44	48	30.05	stationary
Sunday... 2	50	59	30.04	stationary
Monday... 3	46	58	30.02	29.97
Tuesday... 4	45	60	29.99	29.90
Wednesday 5	50	63	29.73	29.55

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Generally cloudy, with frequent intervals of sunshine; rain frequently during the 8th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—If you think that the following correspondence, published when a league was formerly proposed between the theatrical potentates of the Lane and Garden, may amuse your play-going and play-acting friends, at the present infinitely more alarming crisis, you may resuscitate it in the Gazette.

Faithful Copies of Letters between Hopkins and Wild, Prompters to the Monopolisers.

Dear Wild,—Pray lend me a couple of conspirators for to-night.—Entirely yours,

Covent Garden, November 9th.

My dear Hopkins,—I have ordered them to look out two of our genteel assassins, and I'll take care that they shall go shaved and sober. Pray tell Farren he must play our Archbishop; we'll cut the part, that he may dress time enough afterwards for your General in the camp.—Yours perpetually,

P.S. If you have a full moon to spare, I wish you'd lend it us for Thursday. I send you some lightning that I can venture to recommend.

Covent Garden, November 11th.

Dear Hopkins,—Pray how shall we manage without Smith to-morrow? I depended on your lending him us for *Harry the Fifth*, but now I see you have put him up for *Charles Surface*. Couldn't you let him come to us, and play two acts of *Harry*, as you don't want him in *Charles* till your third? and then Hull shall read the rest, with an apology for Smith's being suddenly hoarse, sprained his ankle, &c. &c.—Cordially yours, WILD.

Covent Garden, November 12th.

My dear Fellow,—Here's the devil to do about our Thursday's pantomime. The blacksmith can't repair our great serpent till Friday, and the old camel that we thought quite sound broke down at rehearsal; so pray send us your elephant by the bearer; and a small tiger with the longest tail you can pick out. I must trouble you for a dozen of your best dancing shepherds for that night; for though I see you will want them for highwaymen in the *Beggar's Opera*, they'll be quite in time for us afterwards.—For ever completely yours,

Drury Lane, November 12th.

Dear Wild,—I just write you a line while the beasts are packing up, to beg you'll not be out of spirits, as you may depend on the shepherds, and any other animals you may have occasion for. I have it in order to acquaint you, too, that as we don't use Henderson for *Patience* on Friday, you may have him for *Richard*, with a dozen and a half of our soldiers for *Boneworth Field*, only begging you'll return 'em us in time for Cox-heath.—Totally yours,

HOPKINS.

Send me a *Cupid*—mine has got the measles.

Covent Garden, November 13th.

Dear Hopkins,—Thank you for Henderson and the soldiers: do let them bring their helmets, for ours are tinning. The bearer is our *Cupid*, at a shilling a night, finding his own wings.—Genuinely yours, WILD.

We thank the Editor of the "Analyst" for his No. IV.; the high literary merits of which we readily acknowledge. It reflects great credit on the provincial periodical press; and most of the papers, indeed (such as Sir S. Meyrick's on the ancient carved ivory caskets left him by Douce), would adorn any public library.

We thank E. N. for pointing out that the same elephant account, quoted in the Chanticleer Voyage, is that of the seal-ion of Anson, published eighty years ago; but we have already exposed the barefaced plunder of Mr. Webster's American authority, and need not go farther into the subject.

"The Exile" is declined.—T. R. soon.

"The Portrait of a Young Lady" is declined.

A note for L. L. R. at our office on Monday.

We will also refer back, and attend to E. W. G.

Ditto Y. Z., and G. C., and R. H.

We wish we had any system of mnemonics which could keep us out of disagree with our initial friends; but we have never yet, with all our care and diligence, been able to devise any means of keeping up to their expectations.

Still we will do our best. ERRATUM.—In our last No., page 755, col. 3, line 46, for "fair," read "pair."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST, comprising Works of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and English Schools, is now open, from Nine in the Morning till Dark.

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R. B. DAVIS, Secretary.

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Applications to be addressed to Dr. Reynolds, Royal Institution, Liverpool.

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Sum assured.	Annual Premium.			Age at commencement.	Amount added, payable at the Party's death.
£1000	£31	15	10	20	£239
1000	34	0	10	25	296
1000	35	14	2	20	344
1000	39	18	4	35	256
1000	33	19	2	40	378
1000	38	19	2	45	304
1000	45	6	6	50	240
1000	53	3	4	55	282
1000	63	13	4	60	449

Equivalent Reductions have been made in the future payments of Premium, where the parties assured have desired to have the amount of surplus Premiums so applied.

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HENRY DESBOROUGH, Secretary.

10 Coleman Street, London, 6th Nov. 1884.

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The Directors of the London and Birmingham Railway Company are desirous of calling the attention of scientific men, engineers, and mechanics, to the consideration of the best form for Railway Bars, and also to the best construction of Chair or Pedestal, and also to the manner of fixing and connecting the Rail, Chair, and Block, to each other, so as to avoid the defects which are felt, more or less, on all Railways hitherto constructed.

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R. CREED, J. Secretaries of
C. R. MOORESON, J. the Board.

30th October, 1884.

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Francis Moore's Almanac, price	0 6
Goldsmith's Pocket Almanac	0 6
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The Lady's Diary, enlarged	1 0
Rider's British Merlin	1 0
John Partridge's Almanac	0 9
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White's Ephemeris, enlarged	1 6
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